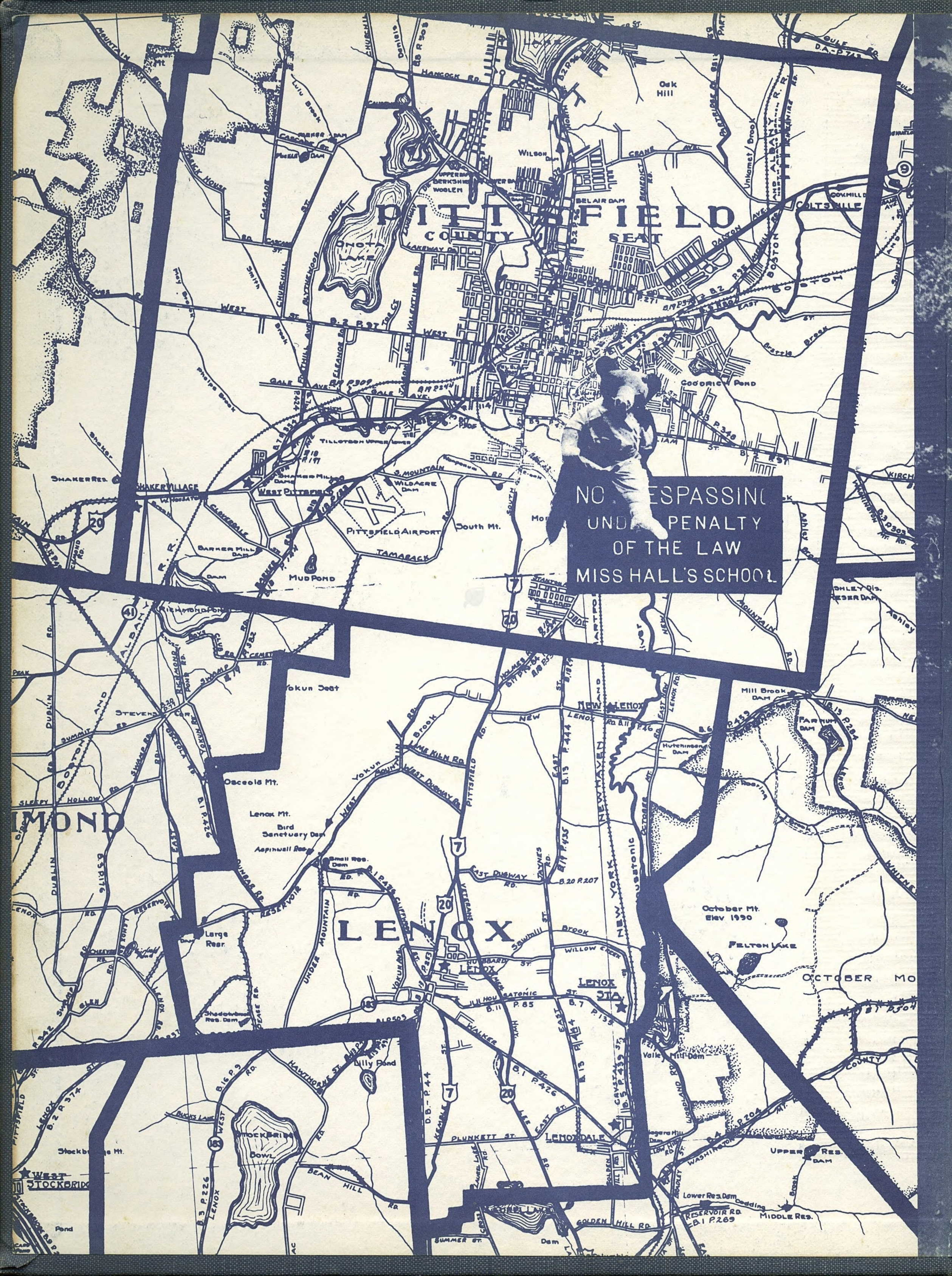




THE HALLMARK

1960

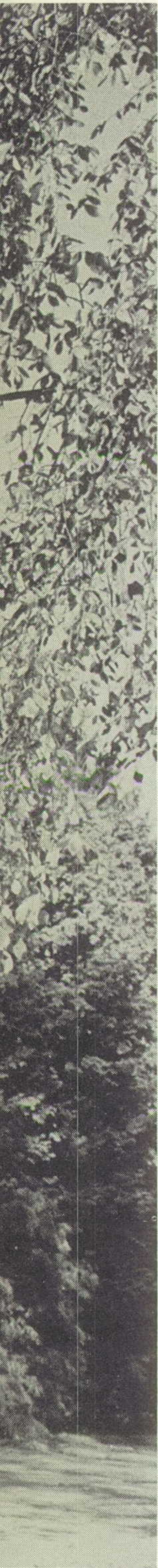


NO TRESPASSING
UNDER PENALTY
OF THE LAW
MISS HALL'S SCHOOL



1961





The
Hallmark

MISS HALL'S

SCHOOL •

PITTSFIELD •

MASSACHUSETTS

NOBODY BEAUTIFUL EVER HURRIES

A slender Japanese girl selects from the pile before her a single shadowy-purple iris. With a delicate, thoughtful motion, she places it with a few fine-leaved grasses in a shallow bowl on the table of cherry wood. . . . The garden is gently-landscaped, its mossy tones interrupted only by the electric pink of an azalea bush, and its green lawns tapestry-rich and smooth. A taut-muscled Japanese workman stoops, painstakingly cutting the grass by hand with a pair of shears . . . In a railroad station, a train bound for Yokohama, crowded with students and businessmen, waits respectfully while two old ladies, bowing repeatedly, and speaking soft and ancient words, bid each other honorable good-byes . . . A Malay woman, dressed in sarong and blouse of hand-printed batik, sits in a shop in the white heat of mid-morning beside a white-clad Indian shop-keeper. Sipping cool drinks, they discuss in a leisurely manner her selection of vegetables for that day . . . In Hong Kong, a spindle-legged man, his bare feet slapping the pavement, carries in his ricksha a young Chinese woman. Wearing the graceful *cheongsam* of the mandarin collar and the slit skirt, she sits tranquilly, unaware of the rhythmic plodding pace . . . The time for business thoughts over, a Japanese doctor, in a low-ceilinged, dusky-lit room, folds, with meticulous care, gossamer-fibered paper into an intricate, wide-winged bird to hang from the ceiling and fly when the wind blows. In the kitchen, his wife, working slowly and deftly, molds pale pink strips of fish, one by one, into petals to form a chrysanthemum bloom for her husband's supper. As her stockinged feet take tiny muffled steps, the sleeves of her kimono swing gently at her sides . . . A classical Kabuki drama is in progress in a theater crowded with Japanese students. With *furobsiki*-wrapped lunches and dinners on their laps, they will stay for the entire twelve-hour performance, giving sober attention to the solemn intonation and studied gesture of the male actors . . . Before a small niche-like shrine containing a scroll, a bowl of flowers, and an urn of the ashes of ancestors, a young Japanese girl sits in quiet meditation at the end of each school-day.

It is this slow tempo of their traditional everyday living that has helped to produce the meditative philosophy and spiritual nature of the Oriental peoples. They use time as an instrument to weave a pattern of serenity and daily beauty.

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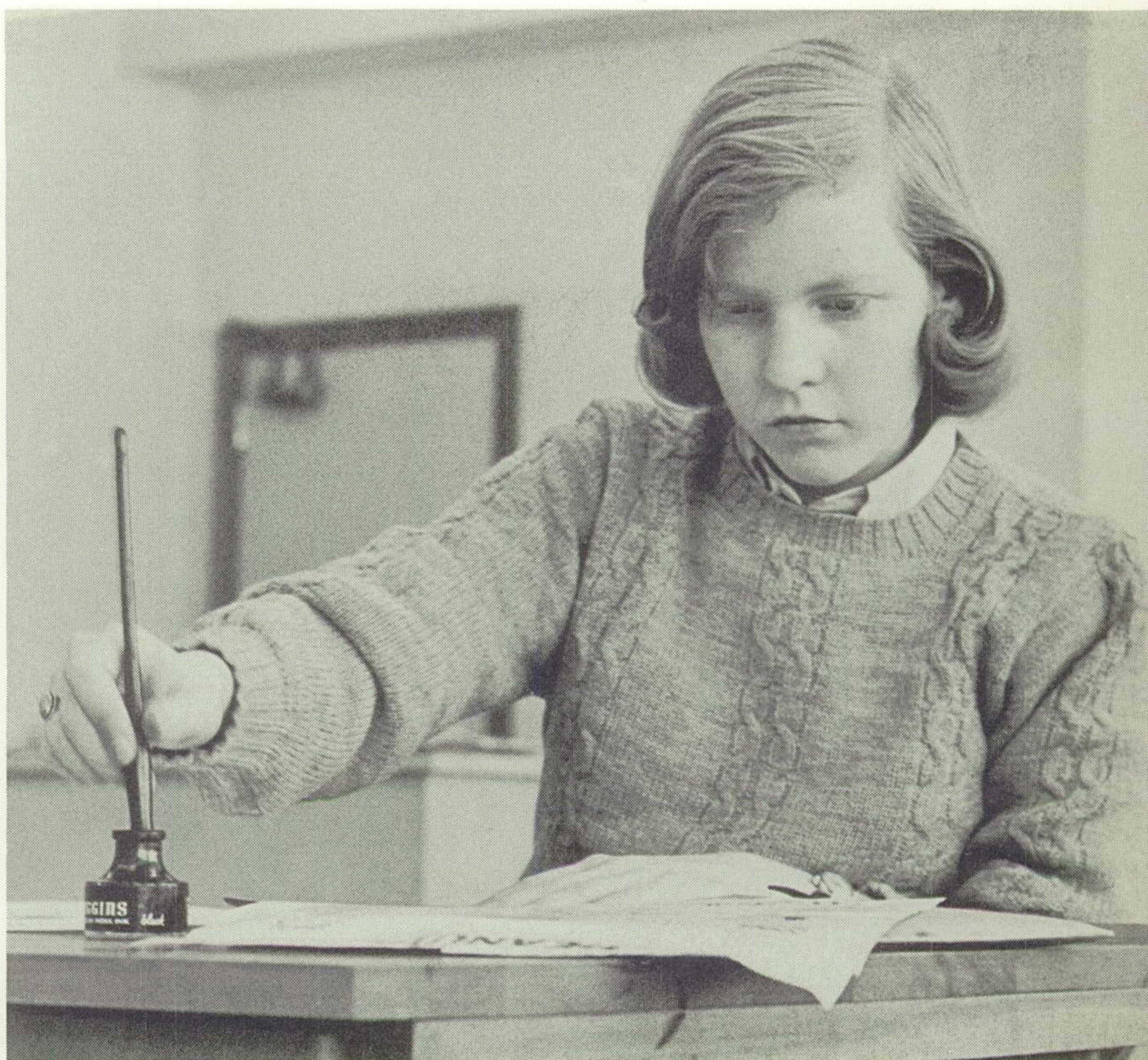
Nervous drivers of two-toned, missile-shaped cars race along super-highways through underpasses and overpasses, intent upon going somewhere else in the least possible time. Neon lights trace their lurid nightmare designs on the blackness of night. Overhead, jet planes boom across the sky faster than the speed of sound. By vacuum-cleaners and dish-washers and floor-polishers and TV dinners, women are spared the drudgery of house work, and save time — for what? Businessmen arise early and go to bed late after a day crammed with telephoning and conferences and hurried meals and cocktail parties. Young people, home from school and college, speed in fast cars from party to party, allowing no time to get acquainted with their parents, to listen to music, to read, or to think.

This is the hectic tempo of America that has produced a neurotic, restless people, whose voices are too loud, whose gestures are too swift, whose faces are too anxious. This is a people who, in spite of their high material standards of living, have not yet developed serenity of spirit or the ability to create beauty in their everyday lives. It was an American poet, however, who observed:

*"life is always beautiful
and . . . nobody
beautiful ever hurries."*

P. R.





**THE HALLMARK BOARD
1959-1960**

Editor-in-chief Patricia Ranard

Assistant editor Vivian Endicott

Art editor Nancy Parshall

Business manager Sarah Bradley

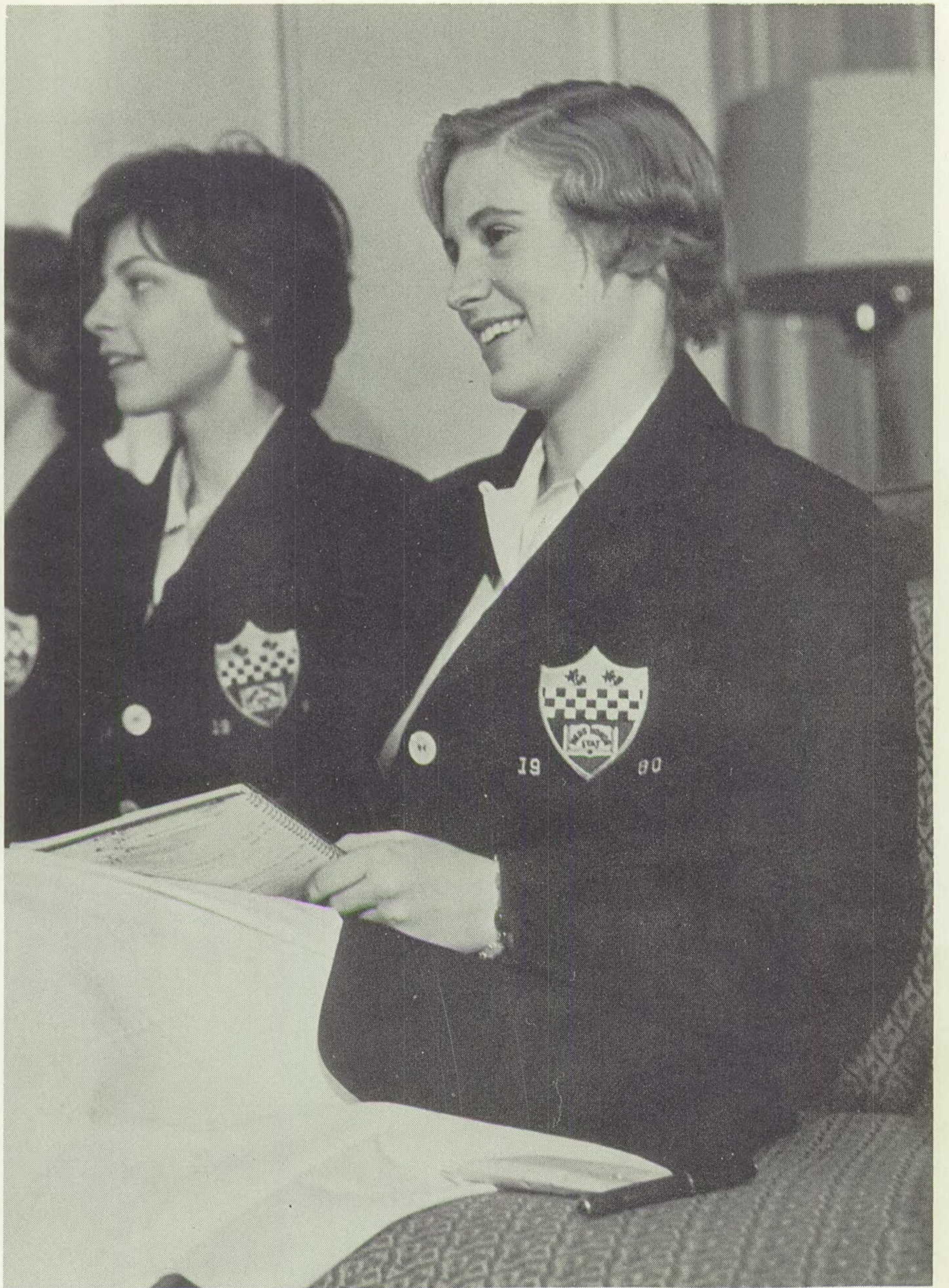
Faculty advisors Miss Pitman
Miss Gatchell

AND

PEANUTS



Student Council



Dramatics





PHIPPS

A Comedy

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lady Fanny

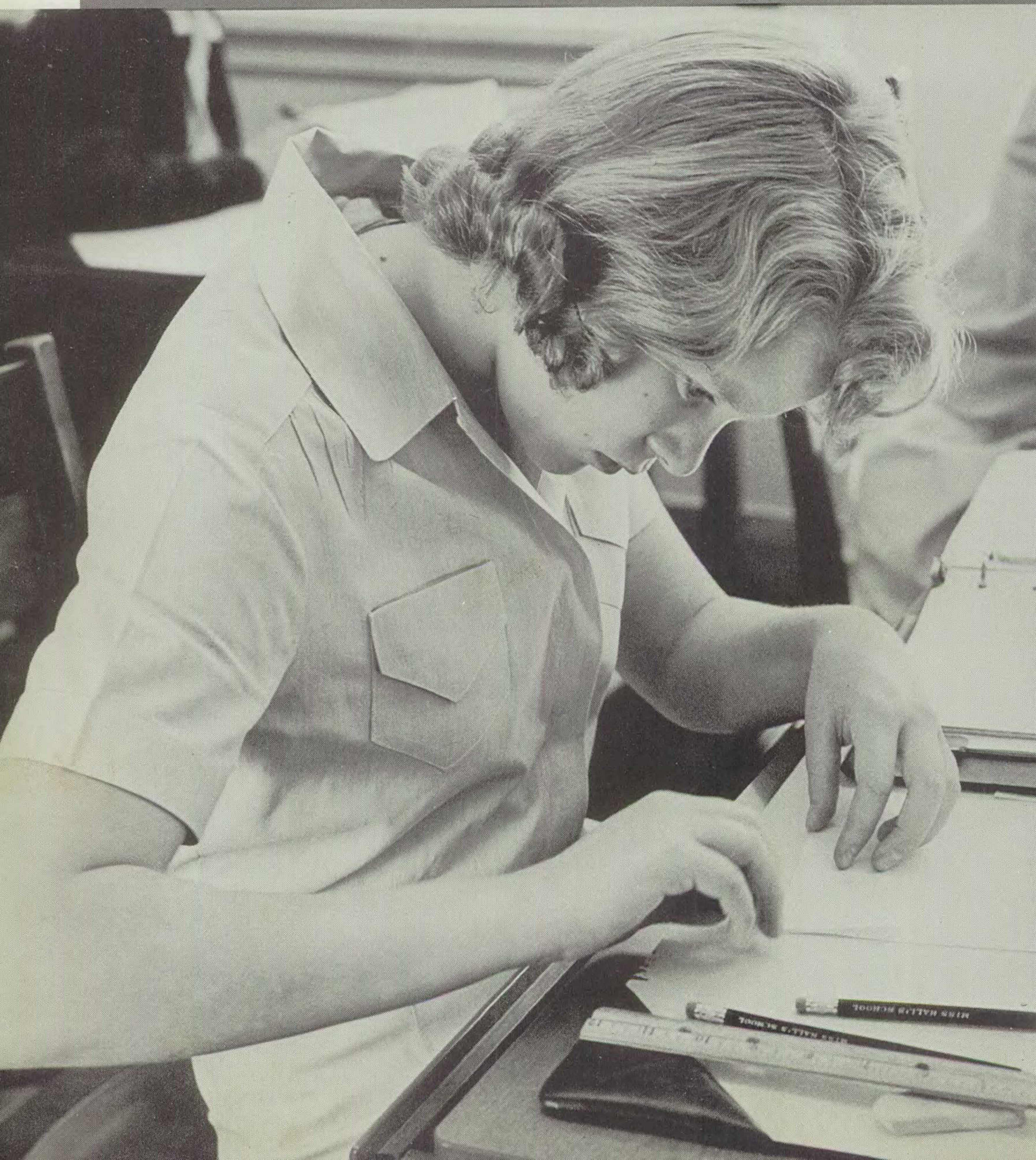
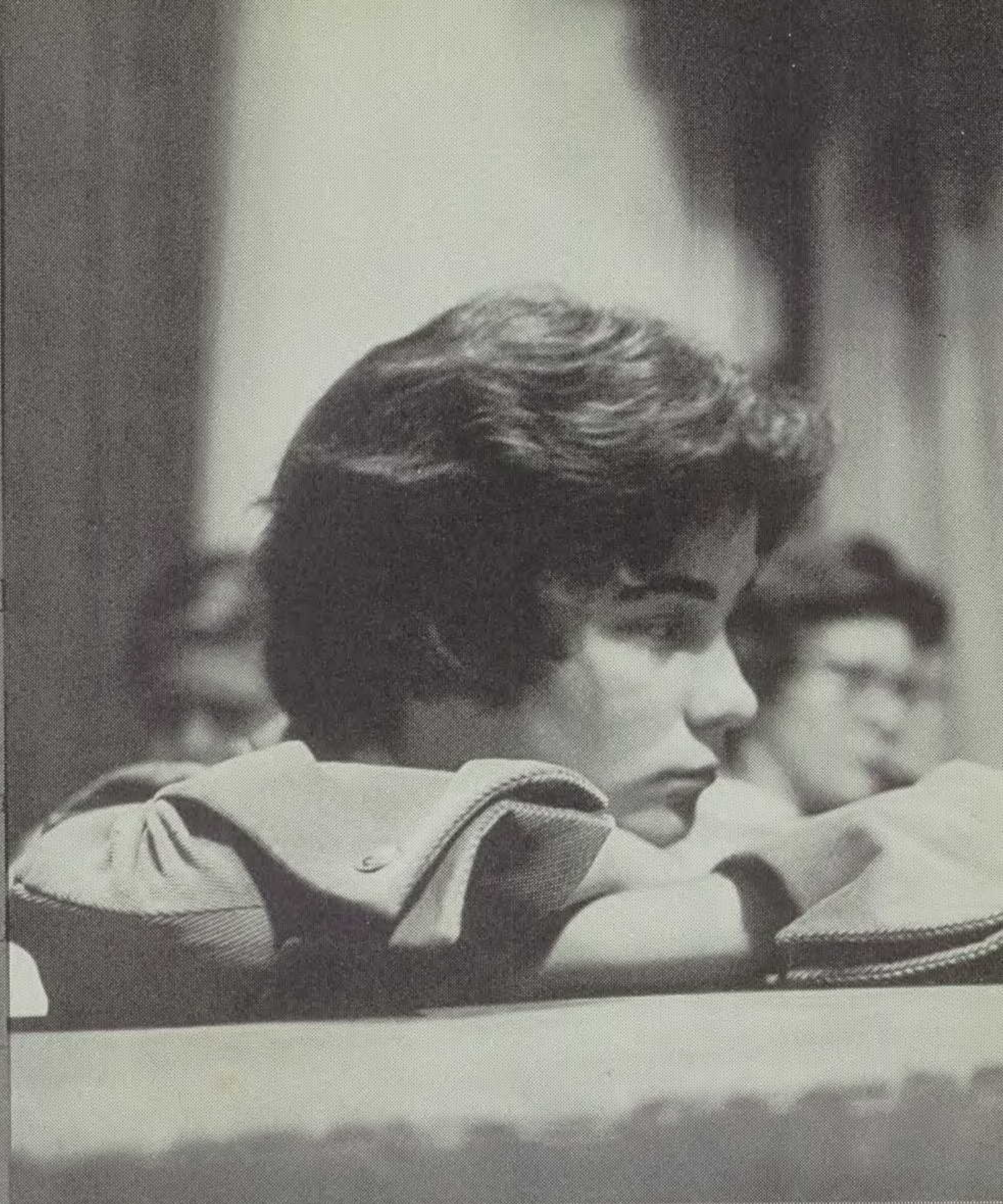
Sir Gerald

Phipps

Charlo

Pa

The Scene: The Library of Sir Gerald's London house
evening.



ROMANCERS

Comic Comedy

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leila Lau

Kitty Mo

Katharine

Tamar C

Elizabeth

Elizabeth C

Susan Ro

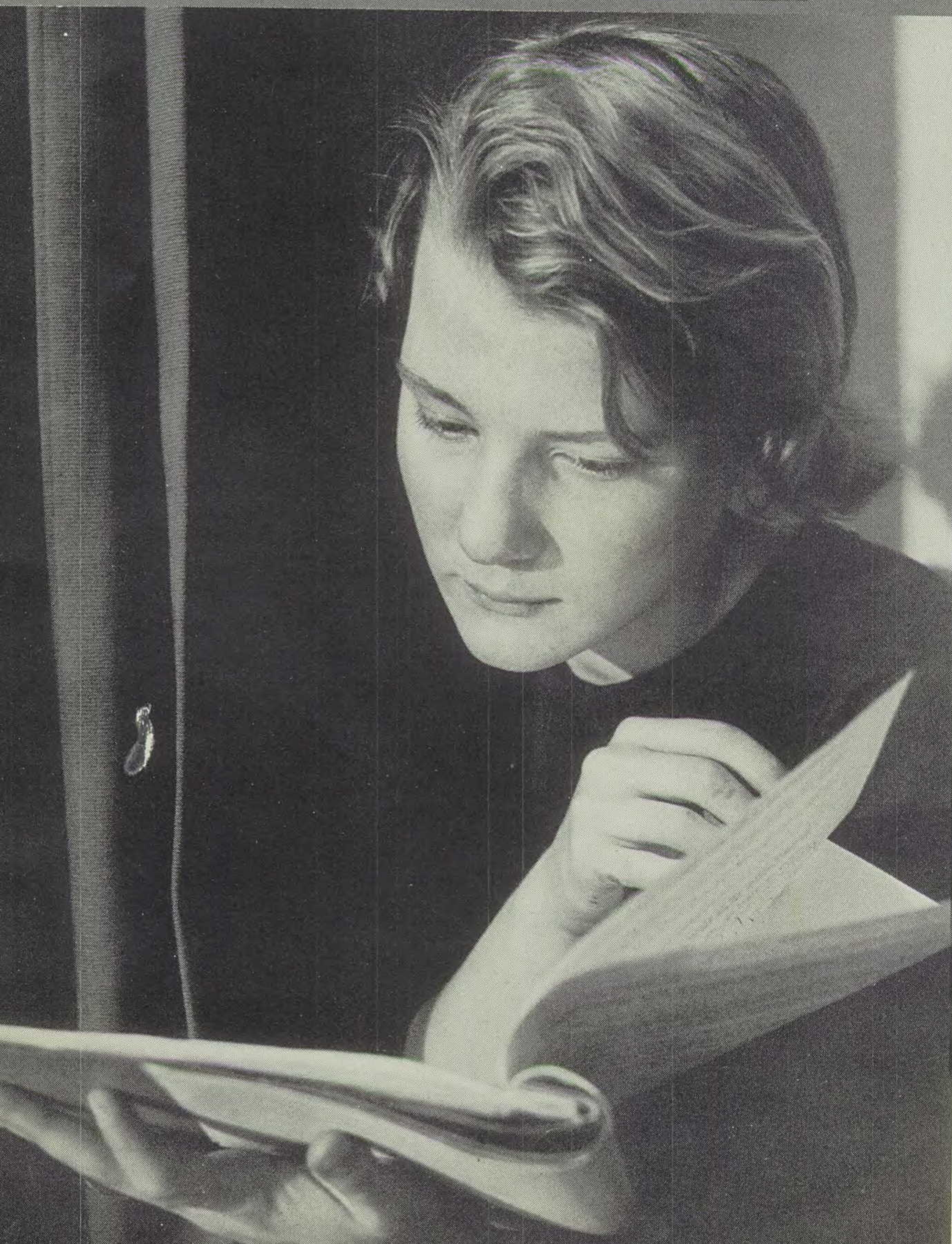
he left by Pasquinot and on the



PRODUCTION

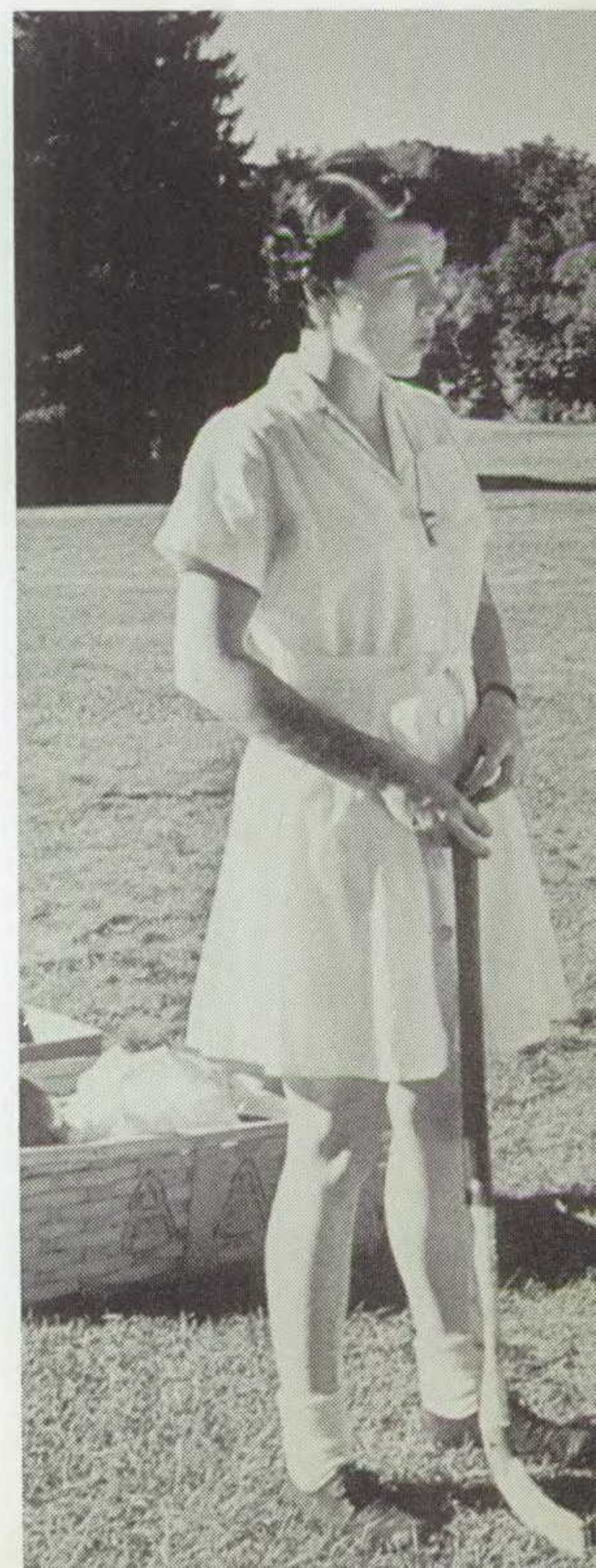
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Wendy Cabbage*
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	Joan Weston*
<i>Costumes</i>	Mary Alice Dear*
	Joan Ferguson
	Ilene Rubin
<i>Lighting</i>	Faith Low*
	Joan Weston*
	Charlotte Morse
<i>Properties</i>	Amy Conger*
	Patricia Gilroy
	Shirley Zuill*
	Amy Conger*
	Mary Joe Sentner
	Katharine Crane
	Iron Whittemore

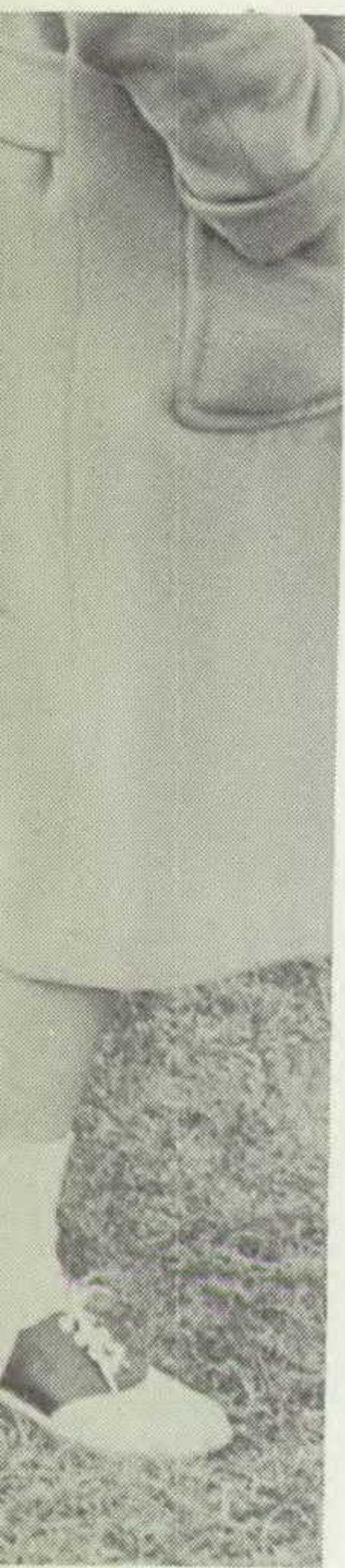
THE ODYSSEY OF RUNYON JONES† A Fantasy



Mary Waterman*
Diane Grosjean*
alley Outerbridge
arguerite Perkins
Tomelyn Baker
Elizabeth Kimball*
Virginia Fisher
Diane Grosjean*
Judith Bender
Tamar Griggs*
Elizabeth Ginn
Elizabeth Kimball*
Diane Grosjean*
alley Outerbridge
ne Hereafter.

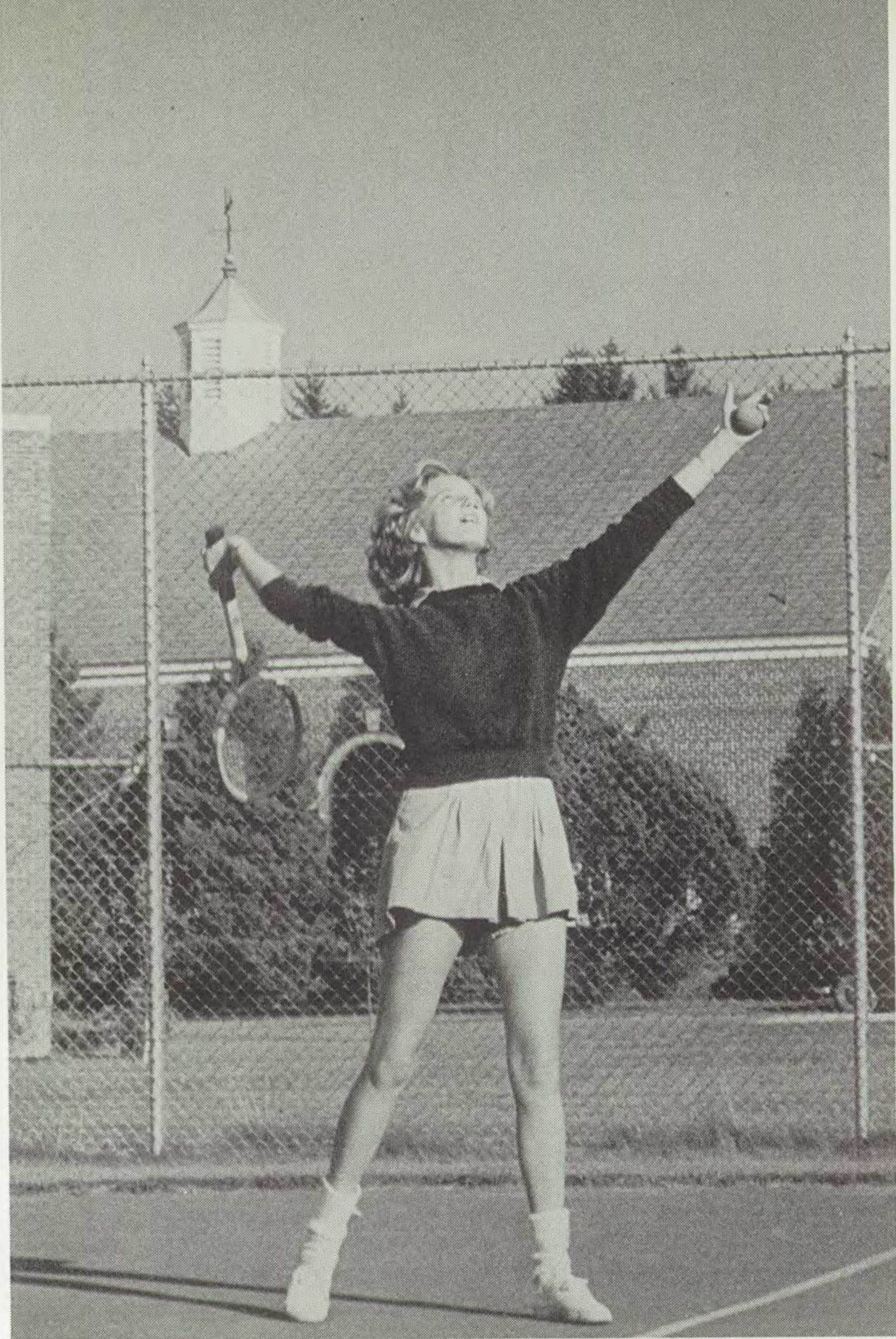
Sports



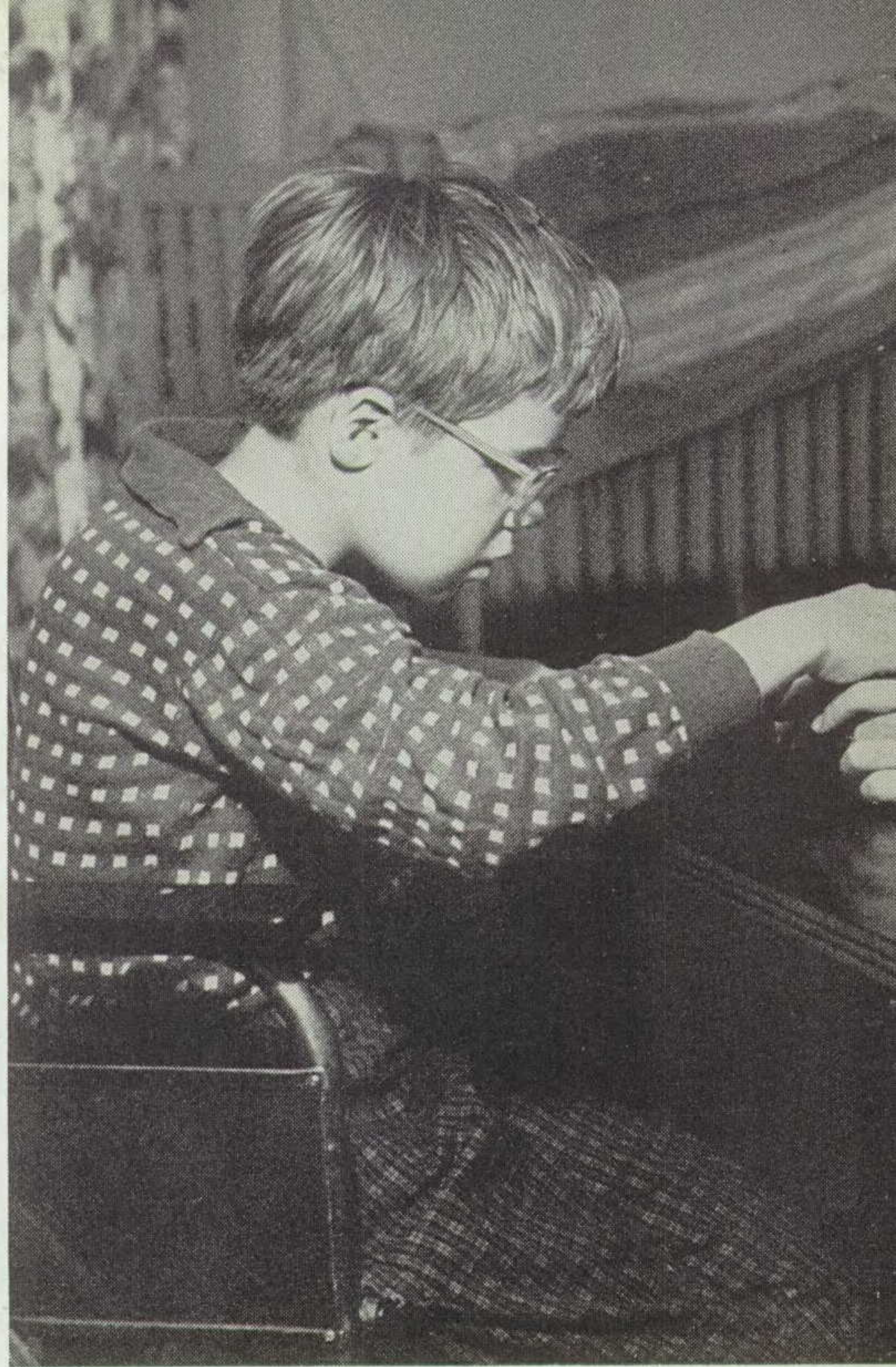


ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION









*Community
Service*







RUMOR



2 junio 1959

Cena del Club Español

de

Miss O'Fall's School

gaspacho

paella valenciana

guacamole

bollos pegajosos

vino Reisling de Chile, (1928)

helado de vainilla con cream de menta

café solo





Le Cercle Français





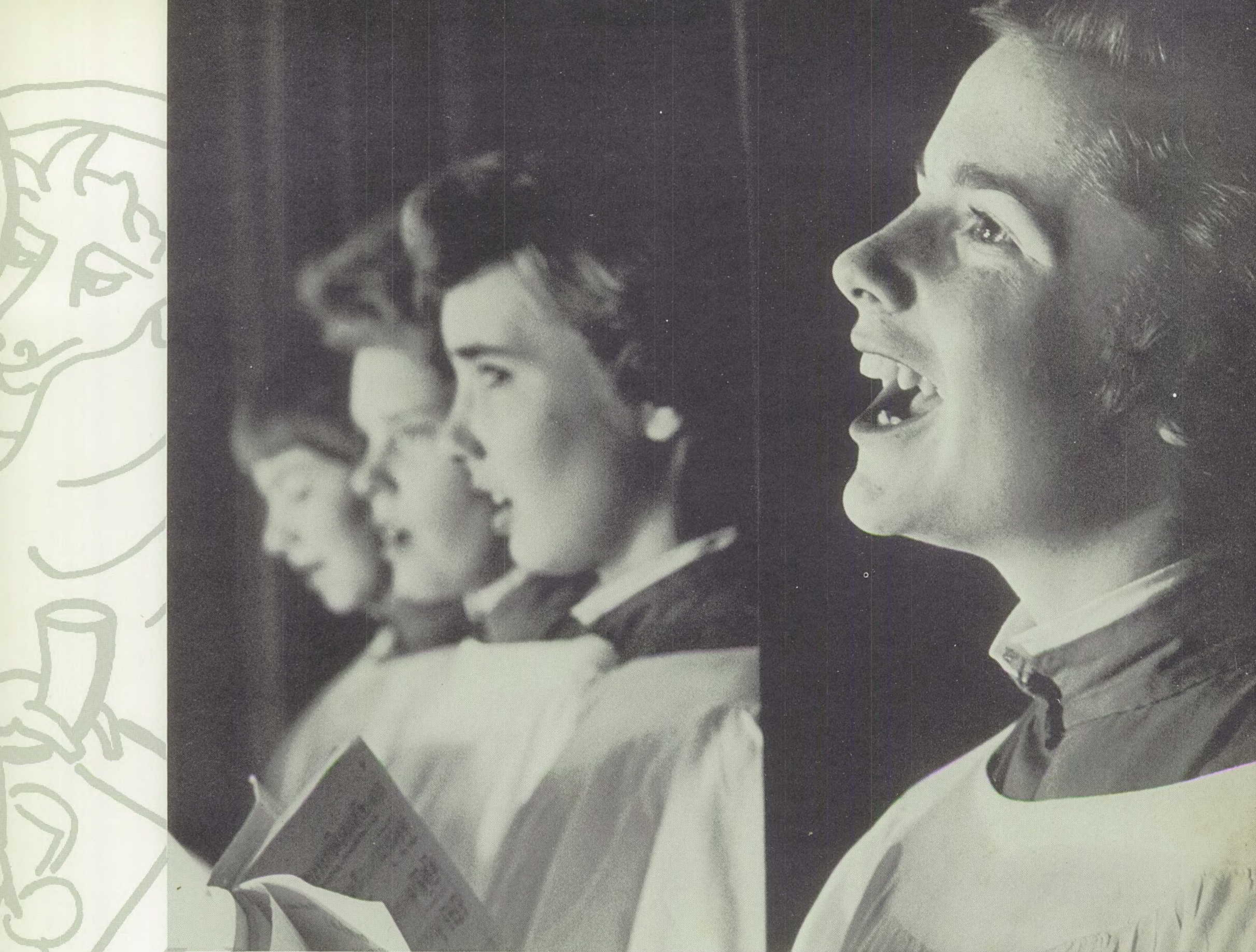
Music



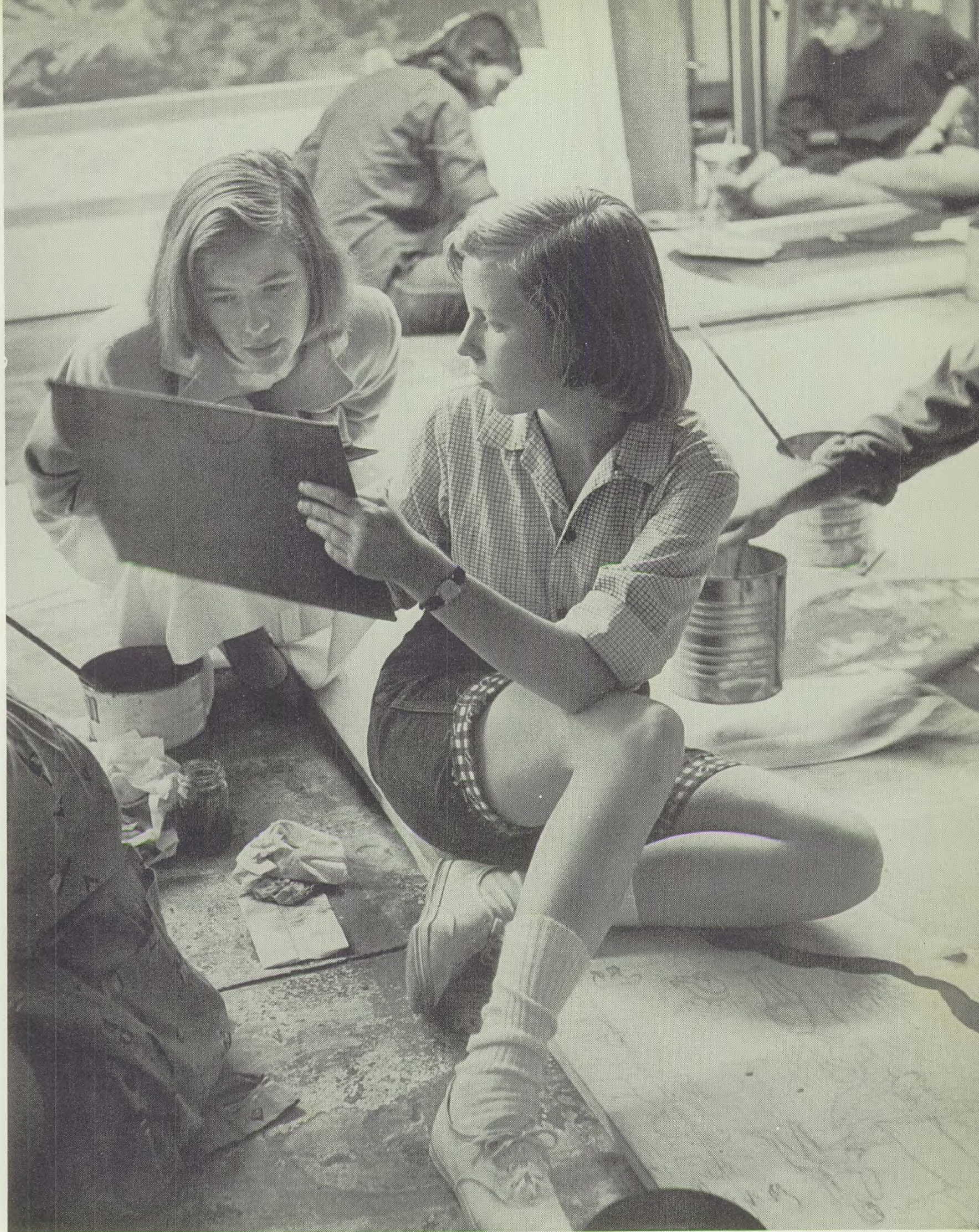


Christmas







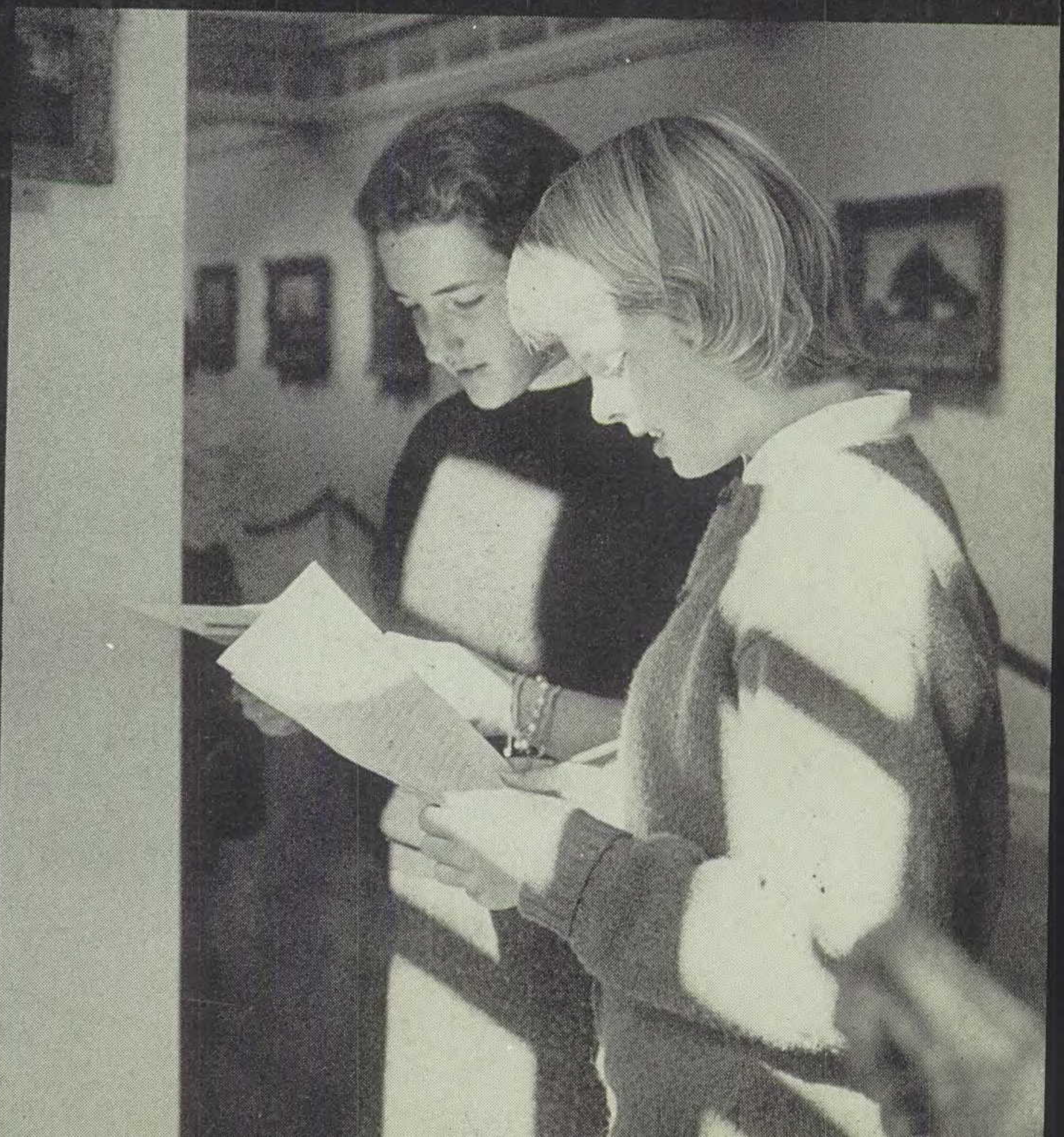




STERLING AND FRANCINE CLARK ART INSTITUTE

WILLIAMSTOWN - MASSACHUSETTS

Renoir





Miss Fitch
requests the pleasure of your company
on Saturday, February the twentieth
at a tea dance from three until five
and
at a formal dance from eight until twelve
Miss Hall's School, Pittsfield, Mass.
The favor of a reply is requested
by Saturday, February the thirteenth



Miss Fitch

requests the pleasure of your company
on Saturday, May the second
from three until five o'clock

and

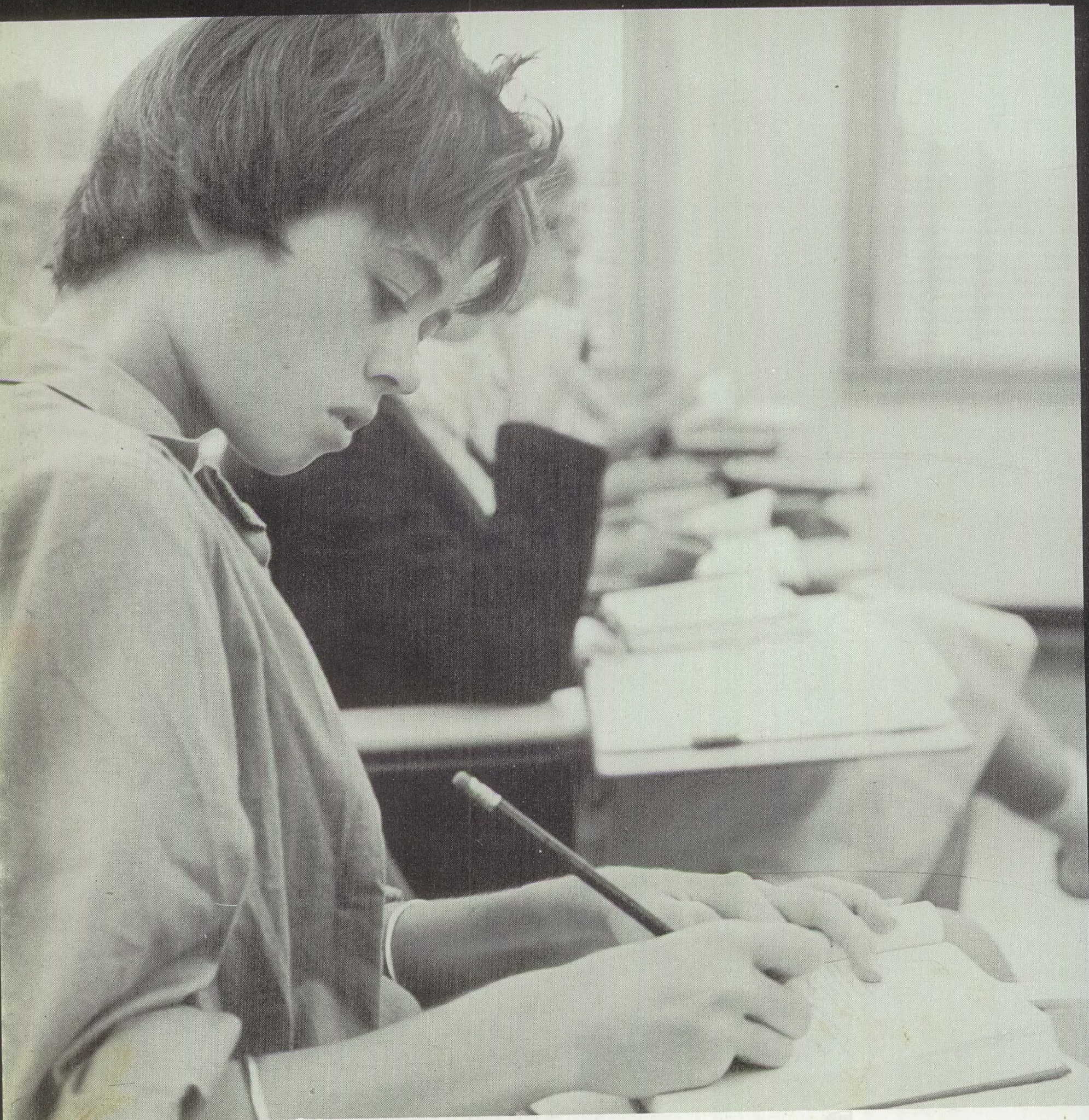
at a formal dance from eight until twelve-thirty o'clock
Miss Hall's School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

of a reply is requested
y, April the twenty-fifth











Literature

THERE WERE GIANTS

by Kitty McVitty

We pressed our eager faces
Against the window pane.
It was a Giant's World!
A fantastic fairyland
Of white and ponderous evergreens
Heavy with snow,
Standing tall and proud.

The Giants weren't there.
In that silent grove of huge tree-mountains
We felt the absence
Of their gruff and growling guffaws.
Fearful, we waited lest they return,
Heavy-footed, jarring the snow from the trees
In an avalanche of whiteness,
Cutting through the fairy-land quiet
With their voluminous voices—
"Fee Fi Fo Fum!"
But they didn't come.

After lunch
We tumbled out into the snow.
It was a Giant's World no longer.
It was ours.
We played in the drifts
Like Lilliputians who had found
A huge, fluffy quilt crumpled in a corner.
We sank deep into the soft eiderdown.
And our boots became heavy with cold, wet feathers.
We burrowed into the tucks and folds
Making tunnels and igloos
And shouted with laughter
Through the glorious afternoon!

And then after dinner the Giants came back.
We could hear them howling
'Round the corners of the house.
Suppose they found out
Who had disturbed their Giant World
And sent the snow helter-skelter,
Making holes to trip us in!
We were glad they couldn't see us
Through the thickly falling snow
As we gathered 'round the fire
Eating pop-corn.
It smelled of melted butter and smoky kindling
And we forgot about the Giants.

A PRIMITIVE CULTURE

by Kelsey Lanman

Sante Fé is the soul of a culture that is neither American nor Indian, Spanish nor Mexican, but is, instead, a primitive and beautiful intermingling of all of these. It is remarkably wise in its recognition of the beauty of an old tradition, yet shallow in an almost naïve resistance to change. It is a place whose country is as strangely beautiful as its people, whose very oldness is so intriguing that it is a haven for artists, writers, and musicians. Although the tall poplar trees resemble the Italian cypress, and the roofs of red tile or brown mud faintly bring to mind the rich atmosphere of Italy, Sante Fé is most like old Mexico. In summer the moon hangs in a sky so vast that it is dome-shaped, and the light is so strong in the clear air that it falls everywhere with an unearthly heaviness. It is too silver on the heather, too white on the leaves of the poplar trees, and too blue-white on the mountains. Even the reddish dirt roads seem transparent, and the brightness of the moon somehow makes everything more silent than it ought to be. If one listens hard enough, he may hear the sad little call of the coyote but nothing more. In this hot season there is a sedentary motionlessness in the olive-skinned people, and a certain heaviness even in the eager talk of the Spanish child.

In the autumn the aspen trees lose their dark green color and make bright streaks of gold on the mountains. The morning air is crisp and brittle and rings with the sound of the voices of Spanish children who trip down the red earth roads to school. Darkly tanned men dig ditches, and women hang long strips of red chili peppers in the sun to dry. Old grandmothers with wrinkled skin and glittering eyes sit in-

side thick-walled houses, and come out only to yell at children who dare to walk across their yards. And the Spanish child shares with filthy mongrel dogs the reckless, joyful freedom of his unsheltered life. As the opulence of summer fades into the thin spiciness of autumn, as the chili peppers shrivel into brittle strings and hang in clumps of dull red against the mud-colored adobe walls, and as the sky becomes a blue that is almost gaudy in its depth of color, La Fiesta comes. To the Spanish people it is perhaps the only really wonderful thing that ever happens, for their lives are an eternal struggle to exist, a struggle in which art and beauty are unknown — except for the subtle beauty that lies in their traditions.

Fiesta is the time when Sante Fé becomes a fairy city of color and childlike happiness. The great stone Cathedral built by Archbishop Latour stands gaunt against the blue sky and the yellowing mountains, and its bells ring with a hollow, metallic sound to call a festive people down from the red-brown hills on which they live. Men with skin bronzed by the sun forget their ditch-digging to dance in the plaza with black-haired women, and to live for a few days in intense, confused excitement. The plaza is full of laughter and gaiety, of children eating *tortillas* and *tamales* until they almost burst, of the smell of red chili, and of the cries of Americans who have tasted it in all its burning hotness. There is the ever-increasing frenzy of *maria-ches* playing their drums and guitars to the wild swift beat of the Spanish dance. The old adobe buildings around the plaza, with their long porches which seem always about to crumble upon the rotting wooden beams

that hold them up, are once again lighted with thousands of *candelarios*. All the streets between the plaza and the Cathedral are resplendent with color. Indians sit on the thickly-roofed porches to sell their pottery. A simple, religious eagerness shines through the outward shyness of these people who lead an almost antediluvian existence in the midst of a sophisticated American civilization. On the last night of Fiesta the light from a myriad of candles shines on the dark hills above Santa Fé, as Indians, Mexicans and Spaniards march towards the Cathedral, each cradling in his hands the candle which is for one brief hour the center of his existence. And when the last candle has burned itself out beneath the wooden Christ on the altar, Fiesta is over.

Autumn drifts slowly into winter. The plaza once bright with color becomes softly white. Snow falls heavily and silently everywhere and the Spanish people walk more quietly along the twisting roads, as though afraid that too much noise and energy will spoil the peaceful beauty of winter. As spring comes, the heather on the plains at the foot of the mountains begins to smell delicious, and the *chamisa* bushes, like feathery brooms, are faint blue-white on the red earth. At Easter time the bells of the great Cathedral ring in the hills, and a deeply religious people walk to church in the wet morning air.

These people are not mentally gifted, and because an American culture has surrounded them, they have almost lost the originality that was once their own. But there is a kind of eternal quality about them. They seem to be rooted in the soil—to be indigenous to the land itself. Here in Santa Fé there is no elegant, sophisticated loveliness but instead a timeless, crude, and primitive beauty. It is a beauty which has not the painful, conscious purpose, but all of the spontaneousness that underlies a work of art.



ON THE WINGS OF THE MOON

by Sarah Nicholson

It was a night for memories. The snow lay deep on the ground and the pale moon, scythe-like, hung low over the hills, slicing the scurrying clouds into shreds with its ice-sharp edge. A tenuous light spread over the land, making blue-white lace of the cherry orchard and blue-black webs of its shadows. Sitting at the window, the old woman could see the fields beyond the orchard glowing softly in the cold, silvery light.

"Granny, were you ever little once, like me?"

"Oh, Catherine, hundreds of years ago I was once just as little as you."

"Hundreds of years! Oh my . . ." The pale blue eyes opened wide and she stared very hard at the fringe of her grandmother's sleeve. "Were there dragons and princes on shiny white chargers then?"

Her grandmother bent over the small head, smiling. For a moment, she let her gaze rest on the light yellow hair, and then she answered, very softly, "No, they were only in books then, too."

"Do you believe in them, Granny? Mama says they are not true. She says they are make-believe stories, just made up for fun, and that I am not supposed to believe them at all." Visions of princesses locked up in perpetual castles and amaranthine gardens, through which endless breezes played, presented themselves, forbidden, to her mind and she sighed. "They are so beautiful, don't you think?"

"Catherine, how would you like me to tell you a story—a true story of something that happened to me

when I was just about your age?"

"Is it about castles and princesses?"

"No, but it has fairies in it. Real fairies with dragon-fly wings and corn silk hair."

"Oh, granny! Did you really see them? Were they *really* there?"

The old woman smiled again, this time more warmly, and her eyes were looking far off, over the black net of cherry branches to the fields beyond. "Yes, they were. Here, let me tell you how it happened."

Catherine, her eyes shining expectantly, made a little nest for her head in the bend of her grandmother's arm, and lay down, closing her eyes and smelling the faint scent of spice that came from the shawl.

"Once, when I was just seven years old, like you, there was a big snowstorm. The snow came down so hard that we couldn't get out of the house for six days. Finally, one day, the sun shone a bright yellow and the snow melted enough for us to be able to come and go as we pleased. That afternoon, father sent me into town to get the mail. I remember leaving the house and thinking how wonderful the fresh air smelled. We were living in this house then, and I stood right there on the front porch and looked around. Everything was white. The sunlight on the snow was a very glittery white and the shadows on the snow were a darker blue-white. If I opened my eyes wide, it was like crying, and I had to shut them right away to stop the tears."

"Town was not as easy to get to then as it is now. I had to walk very carefully along in the tracks left by the wagons, because the snow was hard there. Everything was silent. Once a horse and buggy came up behind me before I heard the snow crunching and the harness jingling. It was Doctor Wright in the buggy, and he asked me if I wanted a ride, for he was going into town too. I said no, because I liked to be out of the house walking on such a fine day and wearing my new red wool scarf. I wanted to take a long time walking so that I could wear it longer, but I didn't tell him that. He laughed and asked me to give his best to my par-

ents. Then he drove off. I remember his horse. He was big and white like the snow, but with little black spots on his legs and sides. He was a beautiful animal, and Father used to say that if he had had a horse like that, he supposed that he would have been a doctor too, so that he could drive that horse around the countryside."

"I was about half-way into town when something in a nearby field caught my eye. The snow was very deep there, but near the road was a little patch of grass where no snow at all had fallen. It was a very strange sight — just a rather small grassy circle — and I knew at once what it was. It was a fairy circle! I had heard stories about them. At night, when the moon was full and shining, fairies would come and dance there. I thought how lucky I was to have found it! It was my secret to keep. A real fairy ring! I was so excited that I ran the rest of the way into town and nearly forgot what I had gone there for. I skipped home with the mail in a bag, and stopped to look at the circle on the way. I thought that it would be a shame if I were to miss seeing the fairies dance, and so I made a plan. That night, when I was in bed, I waited until Mother and Father had gone into their room for the night. Then I crept out of bed, put on my furry boots, a sweater, a coat, and my red scarf, and went down the stairs as quietly as I could. They creaked a little, but they often did, even when no one was on them, so I wasn't worried. Then I was outdoors."

"The night was a magic night, full of stars like pearls and sequins. In the middle of the sky was the moon, like a big jewel hung on black velvet."

"Black velvet, like Mama's dress?"

"Yes, like that — just like that. Everything looked different because the moon made the shadows seem to move. I was quite frightened at first, but when I got to the road my eyes were used to the strange light and I wasn't scared any more. I ran most of the way to the circle, but slowed down before

I reached it so that I wouldn't frighten the fairies. When I finally saw it, it was just a little dark patch on the blue-white snow. There were no fairies, so I decided to sit in the circle and wait for them to come dancing. It was cold, and the wind had begun to blow in little puffs. Sometimes the little puffs picked up snowflakes and whirled them around giddily. Then, over from the far side of the field, a big puff came swirling towards the circle. I squeezed myself up as tightly as I could and shut my eyes because it looked cold. All of a sudden I felt warm, and looked up. The little whirlwind had settled itself over me and the circle, like a warm blanket. That was when I saw the fairies. The wind had brought them. The wind stopped, but the fairies were whirling and swirling around me. A sweet, wild, whistling kind of music came with them and they began to dance. The night changed! It had been still before but now it was moving and singing. Music came from everywhere, and with each new puff of wind came more fairies. Silky bright and light as feathers, they spun and danced around me! The night was wild! The moon crashed like a cymbal and the stars sang. It sounded like organs and flutes and trumpets all playing at once. The air was cold and warm and spicy and bitter, and it moved and swirled around me. And oh, the fairies had voices like the sound of harps playing far away, and they sang as they danced! I sang too, and laughed."

"The moon had made a path in the air with its light, and the path came down to where I was sitting. If I had wanted to, I could have walked right up it, but I wanted to be where I was, dancing and singing."

"All of a sudden there was a shout, and the fairies disappeared up the path of light. The moon then rolled up the path, and I was left there on the ground . . . The night had become cold again. I saw someone coming up to me, calling out 'Who is there? Who is there?' I didn't answer. It was Doctor Wright, and he recognized me and picked me up. There, on

(continued on page 94)

NIGHT THOUGHTS

by Patricia Ranard

I am alone in the night
and I do not know what I am.

I am alone in the night
and I would cry out that one may hear and tell me
what I am
but my tongue is silent for my heart
is afraid.

Of a sudden I am running swiftly
out of the black night.

My way is lighted by a single star.

The wind reaches out at me with long wafting fingers
and I spin like a top
fiercely
until I am spent.

I fall exhausted to the grass
and then as in a nightmare
there is no grass but only sand
and it is harsh against my face.

I look up
and there is no star.

I lie still
and there is no wind.

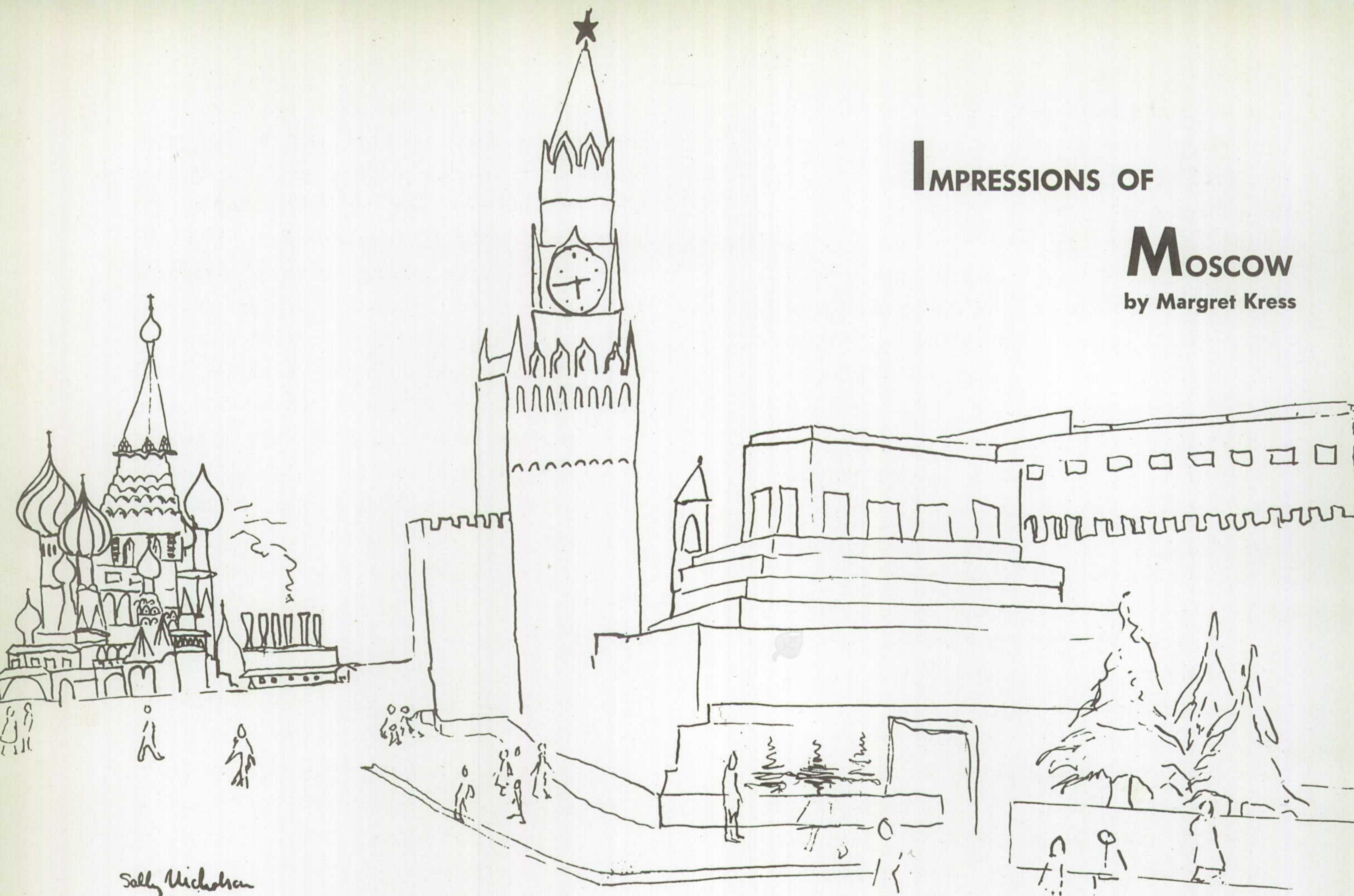
I am alone in the night
and I do not know what I am.

I am alone in the night
and my heart is afraid.

IMPRESSIONS OF

MOSCOW

by Margret Kress



In the summer of 1959 my mother, my sisters, and I made a trip to the Soviet Union. Our itinerary took us all the way from Leningrad, through Moscow and Kiev, to Tiflis, Georgia, and Odessa, on the Black Sea. Traveling independently for a month, we visited museums and churches, a collective farm, market places, grocery stores, department stores, and fairs. But the most interesting city we visited was Moscow.

Moscow is truly the heart of the Soviet Union. On the streets we saw Siberians, Ukrainians, Azerbaijanis, Czechs and Poles, besides people from China, Italy, Germany, and many tourists from the United States. The city has a strange skyline. Seven white marble skyscrapers, all built from practically the same plan, look ridiculous towering over the rest of the city of one-story cement buildings and wooden shacks left over from before the Revolution. One of these skyscrapers is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, another, an apartment building. Everywhere we went we saw huge housing projects under construction,

somewhat like the ones in the United States, but all apartment houses, no individual homes. The buildings shoot up with such speed that they begin to fall apart after two years' use. The subways of Moscow, however, as well as those of Leningrad, are built to last. Each station, built far underground, is like a little palace with marble floors and pillars. Most of them are decorated with mosaics picturing Lenin and the Revolution. Some even have crystal chandeliers rimmed with large squares of lapis lazuli and amalekite. The Kremlin is one of the most breath-taking architectural sights in the world. Over the top of its red brick walls peers a cluster of golden onion-shaped domes. In front of this wall are the red and black marble tombs where one can see the preserved bodies of Lenin and Stalin.

We soon saw that we could have avoided many inconveniences if we had been traveling with a conducted tour instead of independently. We were assigned a guide, but large groups were always taken

care of before individuals. We were often moved from one hotel to the next to make room for an organized tourist group. In restaurants we might have to wait for a large group of Chinese workers to be served before our orders were taken. Our very first night in Russia we discovered how hectic traveling there could be. We went to the dining room at ten o'clock to get a sandwich. It was eleven before we got the attention of a waiter, and almost one in the morning before we could leave. During our whole trip we hardly managed to eat a meal in less than three hours, and often four. The most popular Russian entertainment seems to be eating and whenever Russians go out, they spend the whole evening over their meal. In spite of the fact that the menus are twelve-page books printed in four languages (Russian, French, English, and German), they offer only a few items that we considered really good, such as the vodka, champagne and caviar, which is served in big bowls to be spread on thickly buttered black bread. The menus are the same in all the restaurants, as are the tableware, ashtrays, and curtains. The Soviet Union is too busy with its heavy industry and scientific research to spend much time manufacturing luxuries, so whatever is made in that line is mass produced without much style.

The people on the streets do not usually look interesting. Occasionally we saw a bald man with long, white moustachios and beard, who looked as if he had just stepped out of a Tolstoi novel. The men, in general are short and stocky; the women, fat,—not surprising since the main part of their diet is potatoes and bread. The government tells them that cosmetics are "bourgeois," and that high heels physically deform a person, so they do not try to improve their appearances. They wear cheap cotton dresses which American women would not even wear as housedresses. These are, however, expensive for them, like almost everything else, and they probably do not own more than three or four dresses at a time. In our plainest American spectator dresses and oxfords, we felt over-dressed and conspicuous.

It was easy to get to know the Russian people. They came up to us on the street and we found them like Americans in many respects. Their gregariousness and extreme generosity especially impressed us. I remember the man who came up to me on the street and thrust a chocolate bar in my hand (one of our five-cent chocolate bars costs about four dollars there); the woman who, when I asked her directions

on a street, reached in her pocket and handed me five cards of Russian stamps; and the boy who brought me to his home and gave me sixteen Russian LPs after I had given him one Rock 'n' Roll record. Another time when I was walking along the street alone, two boys came running up, shoved a package of popular song records into my arms and ran off without saying a word, probably afraid the secret police would see them talking to Americans. There still are secret police, and since it is not good to be seen with Americans, or any foreigners, we were usually accosted by groups of persons on the street, rather than by single individuals. Again in a restaurant we were sitting next to a table of young people who could not speak English — as so many Russians can. They had the waitress bring us a bottle of wonderful Russian champagne, then another and another, besides chocolate bars and a bowl of fruit.

An especially curious group in Russia now are the *stilyagi* ("style chasers"), the closest thing the Soviet Union has to beatniks. While the beatniks are revolting against the materialism and conventionality in American life, the *stilyagi* are revolting against the drabness and seriousness of Russian life. They haunt the night spots and hotel restaurants hunting for foreigners from whom they can buy clothes. Some would pay a hundred dollars and up for a cheap American blouse or skirt. Sitting around in the same restaurants night after night, cigarettes hanging out of their mouths, they, of all people in Russia, seem to be the only ones who are really discontented. Their clothes, most of which have been wangled from Europeans or Americans, do not fit, look gaudy and conspicuous, and make them seem ridiculous, almost pathetic.

While we were in Moscow we saw two exhibitions, the American one, and the Soviet. Like practically everything else the Russians do, "The Exhibition of the Annual Accomplishment of the Soviet People for the Year" was mammoth. An exhibition for the benefit of the peasants, each republic's pavillion was filled with machines and huge charts of agricultural and industrial increases. In typical Soviet fashion the names of some of the places at the fair were "Fountain of the Friendship of the People of the Soviet Union" and "Square of the Friendship of the Republics of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics."

The main complaint the Russians had about the American Exhibition was that there was not more



As I grope my way half-blind through this process they call "growing up", I find that the least painful way of learning about life is through books and the most painful way through persons. Books and people are my tools of learning and through them adult flashes of truth and understanding come sporadically, and I waver back and forth between childish blindness and adult half-perception. I have been acquainted with the poetry of E. E. Cummings since my childhood, when my father used to recite *Chanson Innocent* to me. Re-

A NON-BOOK REVIEW

by Kitty McVitty

*Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchée of dew,
Reeling through endless summer days
From inns of molten blue.*

Emily Dickinson

cently I have explored some of his poetry myself and have tried to figure out his eccentric typography. My interest led me to the reading of his autobiography, *i: six nonlectures*, which gave me some of the understanding for which I am seeking. In six parts, which he calls "nonlectures" and which were originally delivered at Harvard College in 1952, E. E. Cummings gives a "very much alive" self-portrait of "one whole half" of himself, the poet and author half. The lectures reflect the agile mind of the writer. The atmosphere he creates

is informal and alive with interest. The style is very much like his more-easy-to-understand poems. He expresses ideas with charming originality, manipulating words to say exactly what he means. He makes up words like "subsubeditor," "uncomic nonbook," "manunkind," and, "nonlecture," just as he coins "puddle-wonderful" and "mud-luscious" to express the joy of the coming of spring into a child's world.

The first two lectures deal with his parents and his boyhood in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Of his mother and father he says, "It was my miraculous fortune to have a true father and a true mother, and a home which the truth of their love made joyous." From there he goes on to his self-discovery as a young man, his experiences in World War I and later in Paris, and finally to what constitutes half of the book,—E. E. Cummings as a writer. In these last three "nonlectures" he creates an image of himself, his creativity, and his ideals as an artist, through quotations from his own writings which include two plays, a few essays, a Soviet Russian diary, and many of his poems. My favorite of these works is an allegorical play in which the characters are Death, Santa Claus, Mob, Child, and Woman. The message of this play is simply the importance of loving which, in a broader sense, is also the message of the whole book. Throughout the book he quotes constantly from many authors, and at the end of each lecture there are three or four poems which seem to express for him, the feeling of the talk just given, and which "for no reason or unreason" he dearly loves. It is

a fascinating thing to read the favorite poems of a poet like Cummings. They range from a scene in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* to an anonymous Scotch ballad known as *Edward*.

The book is only one hundred and eleven pages long. It took me merely two hours to read, and yet it has left me with a lasting and thrilling sense of the identity of the author and of my own self. For anyone who hopes, as I do, to write, E. E. Cummings' thoughts on being a writer are infinitely helpful and interesting. For instance, on the subject of art criticism he quotes the following from *Letters to a Young Poet* by Hildegarde Watson and says that these two sentences are worth all the criticism in the world. "Works of art are of an infinite loneliness and with nothing to be so easily reached as with criticism. Only love can grasp and hold and fairly judge them." This thought naturally leads him to a discussion of his self-discovery as an artist. The most important thing about an artist, he says, is his individuality and his ability and courage to be himself, and "if you can take it—take it and be. If you can't, cheer up and go about other people's business; and do (or undo) till you drop." Of the many thought-provoking ideas in the book one other is especially meaningful to me, that learning and knowing are not half so important as loving and understanding. Through his favorite poems and the poetry that he sees in life, I think E. E. Cummings has helped me to understand the relationship of the artist to himself and to the world.

CYCLE

by Tamar Griggs

Weary man,
Lost in windswept dunes,
Sits down on gnarled driftwood
And watches
 watches wistful
Sandpipers fleeing,

Dwindling sun,
A child's castle lapped by hungry waves —
The ship, too,
Diminishing,
Silhouettes the sky
And soon fades into dusky sea.

Is he not aware that the moon
Trails the sun
And beauty recurs in ceaseless rhythm?

SKIP ROPE AND JON-KEN-PON

by Patricia Ranard

The books that Jenny had read about Japan had pictures of muted green gardens with ponds of darting goldfish, and narrow wooden bridges on which ladies stood gracefully in cherry-blossom-patterned kimonos, inclining pink parasols. Jenny had not been prepared for the crowds of cars, and bicycles, and children who played in the streets; she had not expected the smoke and fog that kept her coughing almost continuously during the taxi ride from Yokohama to the hotel in Tokyo. It was three nights ago that Jenny had run to the top of the hotel and looked out over the city. All the houses seemed to fit together like the pieces of a puzzle, and she had not seen a single garden. Her father had explained that when a young Japanese man married, his new bride came to live in his home, which was then enlarged to make room for the new family. There was very little extra land in Tokyo—not as at home, in Vermont.

Now they were in the long black car, on their way to Jenny's first school in Japan, and Suniyoshi-san, resplendent in a new black uniform with shining gold buttons, was driving skillfully through the narrow, twisting streets. The car skidded as it passed a fishmonger's open stall-like shop, in front of which water had been thrown to keep away the dust. Jenny looked at the sheathed flags on the front hood of the embassy car. She wished that Suniyoshi-san would take the covers off and fly the flags. The car slowed down jerkily. Ahead there was a stoop-shouldered old lady. She was dressed in a darkly-patterned kimono, and carried on her arm a straw-woven shopping bag for fish and vegetables. She walked with tired steps directly in front of the car, and her high-platformed *geta* made regular wooden sounds as she walked.

Jenny thought she had never seen anyone move so slowly. When Suniyoshi-san honked the horn loudly, the old lady turned around slowly, smiled gently, bowed politely, and continued in front of the car. In America people know enough to be afraid of cars, Jenny thought critically. Suniyoshi-san honked the horn again. The old lady gave no sign of hearing, and with a few labored steps crossed the road to a fruit shop.

They were now coming into Tokyo, Jenny knew, because there were more cars, and taxis and student-bearing bicycles. On their right a yellow, beetle-like taxi tooted a tinny horn and passed their car on two wheels. At the top of the long hill on the Occupation-named "D" Avenue in the center of Tokyo, the car came to a stop. Like all the other cars, it seemed to pause for a breath and then to tumble to the bottom of the hill, where it landed in a heap. Then it turned off from the busy avenue into a dark, quiet street. Jenny looked out from the car into the delicate grayness of Japanese autumn. Along the sides of the street were groups of Japanese students, the girls carefully walking apart from the boys. Their uniforms, like Jenny's, were dark blue jumpers and white blouses; the boys wore black trousers and brass-buttoned jackets with caps to match. Jenny, within the car, could hear their laughter. They laughed until their almond eyes became oblique grooves above their round cheeks. They laughed because they were young, and Jenny, who was naturally a happy child, stiffened because she suddenly felt very alien and very dignified. She saw from the corner of her eye that the girls had stopped at a small cart from which a wizened brown man was selling them yams in newspaper bags to keep their hands warm. The girls did not turn their heads

when the long black car swung into the gates of "The International School of the Sacred Heart".

The car continued down the slowly-curving driveway, at the sides of which stood the cherry trees whose pink and white blossoms would, in *Sakura*-time, sift gently from the trees to be crushed on the gravel. The trees were turning rich brown colors now, but Jenny did not notice that they were very much like the trees at home in autumn. Suddenly terror seized her. . . . Her dignity crumbled — please God, she couldn't go in there!

"Mother?"

"Yes, Jenny, what is it?"

She was a coward . . . She must stop it right now. . . . "What time will Suniyoshi-san come for me?"

The car approached some low brown buildings and stopped in front of a small sign that said "Juniors' Entrance" in neat black letters. Suniyoshi-san hopped out and, grinning boyishly, opened the door. He handed the empty book-bag to Jenny, who — dignified again — nodded stiffly. She followed her mother down the gravel path to the open sliding wooden doors of the school building. They entered a small foyer where a large, black-garbed nun was standing at the steps. . . . A black polar bear dressed as a nun to catch little girls like Jenny. In her new dark uniform, her black hair falling to her shoulders, Jenny stood like a sliver of night poised for flight before the morning. The large black nun was speaking to her mother in a brisk voice.

"Your driver should collect Jennifer at half-past three, Mrs. Barrett." . . . Collect — that sounded as if she would be in little pieces.

"It would be best for you to say goodbye to Jennifer here, Mrs. Barrett. Reverend Mother would like to see her for a moment, and then she can join her class."

Jenny's mother nodded understandingly. "Goodbye, Jenny, have a good day." Jenny felt her facial muscles contract in the usual manner and supposed that her mouth had smiled. She was not smiling inside. Turning, she followed the nun down the long dark corridors whose floors creaked beneath their feet. Jenny looked at the black shoes — shoes very much like her father's. She had never seen women wear shoes like that before. They crossed a little

covered walk to another low building, the nun catching up her robes as they went down the steps. Entering the building, they stopped before thin paper doors that slid back on light wooden frames, — *shoji*, the Japanese call them. Later Jenny was to find that one could punch a finger through the tissue-like material and make a delightful sound. The large nun knocked quietly, and when answered, slid the doors apart. At a neat desk sat another black-garbed nun, with a lean face and sparkling eyes.

"This is Jennifer Barrett, Reverend Mother, who is to join the Sixth Grade."

"Thank you, Mother. Come in, my child." The tall nun smiled warmly. Jenny came in slowly and stood before the desk.

"Where in the United States is your home, my child?"

"In Vermont," — Jenny swallowed — "Mother".

"Ah, it's beautiful country in Vermont. I was born in Texas." Jenny said nothing. The nun looked at her keenly, then, arising gracefully, and motioning Jenny to follow, walked toward the door with long Texan strides.

"What do they call you at home, my child?" And she, who had never been called anything but "Jenny", replied in a small voice "Jennifer".

"This part of the school, Jennifer, was once part of the Imperial Palace, and in this classroom one of the Princesses was born twenty years ago." . . . Jenny wished she were a princess. Then she wouldn't have to go to school.

Reverend Mother slid open *shoji* on which was painted a design of the Imperial Chrysanthemum, and, as she appeared in the doorway, a class of girls rose, and a tiny elf-like nun came forward to meet her Superior. Reverend Mother spoke to her in a low voice and Jenny heard the words "Protestant" and "religion" . . . Pro-tes-tant. What did that mean? She was a Unitarian. Daddy said so.

Reverend Mother turned to the girls, and smilingly introduced Jennifer as a new classmate. The class smiled calmly at her, and as Reverend Mother left, the tiny nun introduced herself as Mother Kelly, and asked Jenny to sit next to a girl called Hanneke. Jenny took her seat stiffly beside the thin, dark-eyed girl, whose blonde hair grew in a sort of crest atop

(continued on page 102)

WINTER

by Sarah Nicholson

They ask me what I see.
I see elfin-tiny flakes
Joined together by a thread of finest silk
Drifting downward through the air;
Soft as feathers in a breeze,
Yet they whisper to each other
In a softly shimmering way
Like an old Aeolian wind-harp
When the trees begin to sing.

I ask my friend what she sees.
She sees snow and cold, cold chills of icy branches
Crashing in the crackly stillness of the breath-held air.
The glittering shine of the hard-packed snow
Is ice-blue as the winter sky,
She says.





CONCENTRATION

by Mary Faegre

It is a thin veil of chiffon,

So fragile

That the smallest sound penetrates.

The others are muffled in thick robes,

Oblivious to everything around them.

I sit wrapped in my chiffon,

Patching the holes,

But as soon as one is sealed, another forms.

How I wish I could weave

A thick dark robe around me

As I sit in study hall

And try to work



WILDERNESS

SOCIETY (A Parody)

There is a wolf in me . . . fangs pointed for tearing gashes . . . a red tongue for raw meat . . . and the hot lapping of blood—I keep this wolf because the wilde not let it go.

There is a fox in me . . . I swim in a glass bowl . . . I know I came from chlorinated kiddy-pools . . . I splashed with hordes of "dahlings" . . . I blew waterspouts at gran'mama . . . before the rains of devastating Hazel . . . before the rising flood of work and responsibility . . . before Senior year.

There is a cat in me . . . I know the scents and winds of fashion . . . my ears are sharp . . . I make facts out of whisper and the wind . . . I nose out small sleeping secrets and pounce upon them and kill them and scatter their feathers . . . I return home, lithe and inscrutable — with sheathed claws.

There is a horse in me . . . heehawing, snorting . . . galloping with the herd . . . shaggy and coarse-haired . . . here we jam together . . . here are the skittish, high-strung fillies . . . here we wait tense, ready to panic and stampede . . . afraid of the coming storm, afraid of the thunder, crazed by the lightning . . . waiting . . . afraid.

There is a wolf in me . . . eyes made up for killing glances . . . a red mouth for quick kissing . . . and the hot clasping of hands . . . I have this wolf in me because it broke through Society's confines . . . and, besides, the pack I travel with will not let it go.

There is a parrot in me — and a lark — and the parrot sits in a little cage, listening, not understanding . . . it squawks and screeches . . . repeating by rote in the class-room when the question is hard or the test is big, for repeating is all it knows . . . but the

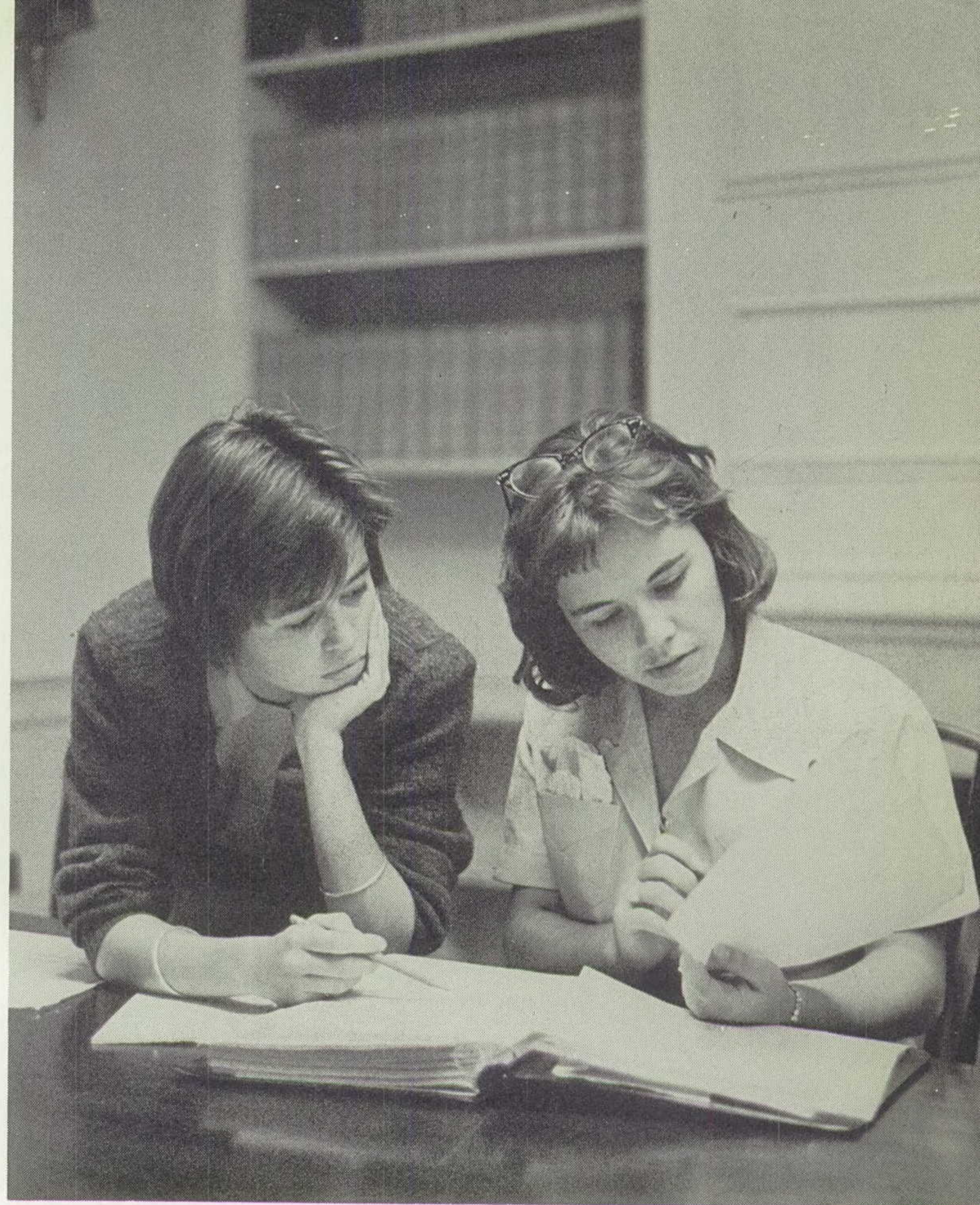
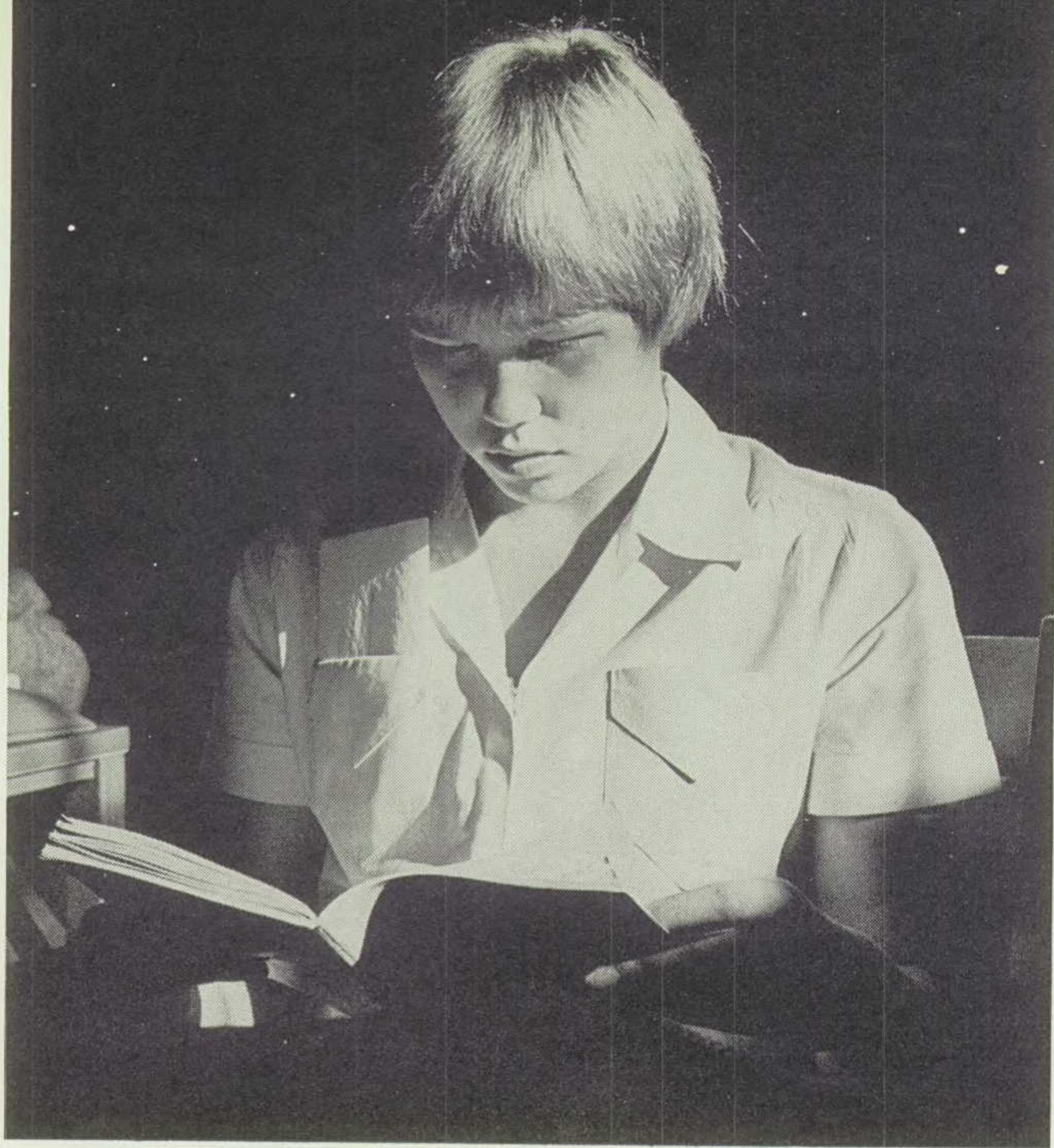
There is an eagle in me and the Rocky Mountains . . . far above the little swamps of vulgarity . . . and it sings sweet strains of knowledge and truth — and I got the parrot from Society.

Oh, I have a zoo, I have a menagerie inside my well-dieted body, under my empty head, next to my allergies . . . and I have something else — it is a Dior dress — a fashionable and expensive original . . . it came from Sak's . . . it is going into my closet. For I am the keeper of the zoo. I say "Chahmed" and "howjado". I laugh and smoke and sometimes think. I am a student of the world. I am a product of Society.

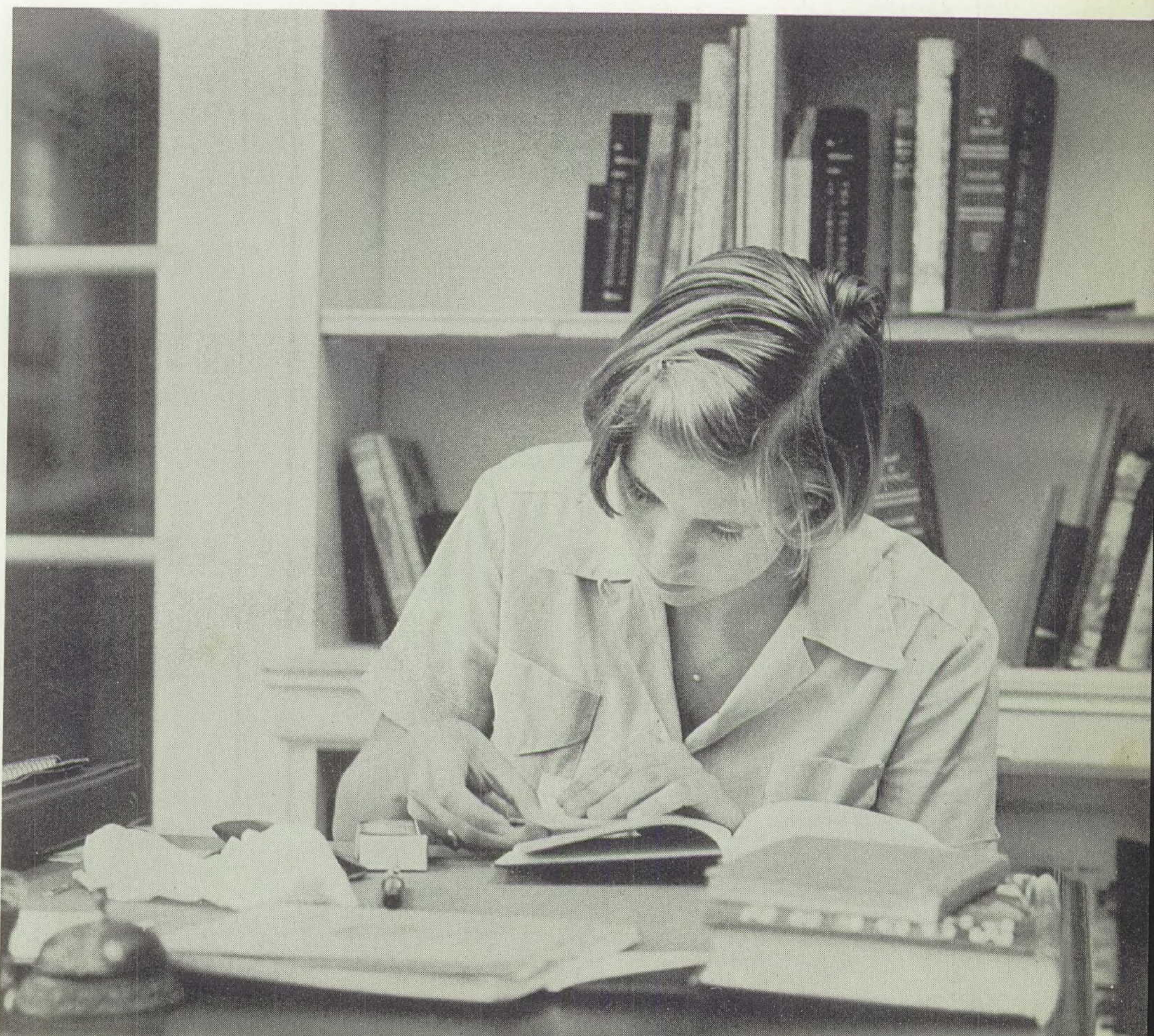
Paul Sandberg

Candyn Coffin





Seniors



NANCY GOULD (Gouldie), 35 The Serpentine, Roslyn, Long Island, New York
"Such faith in human nature."



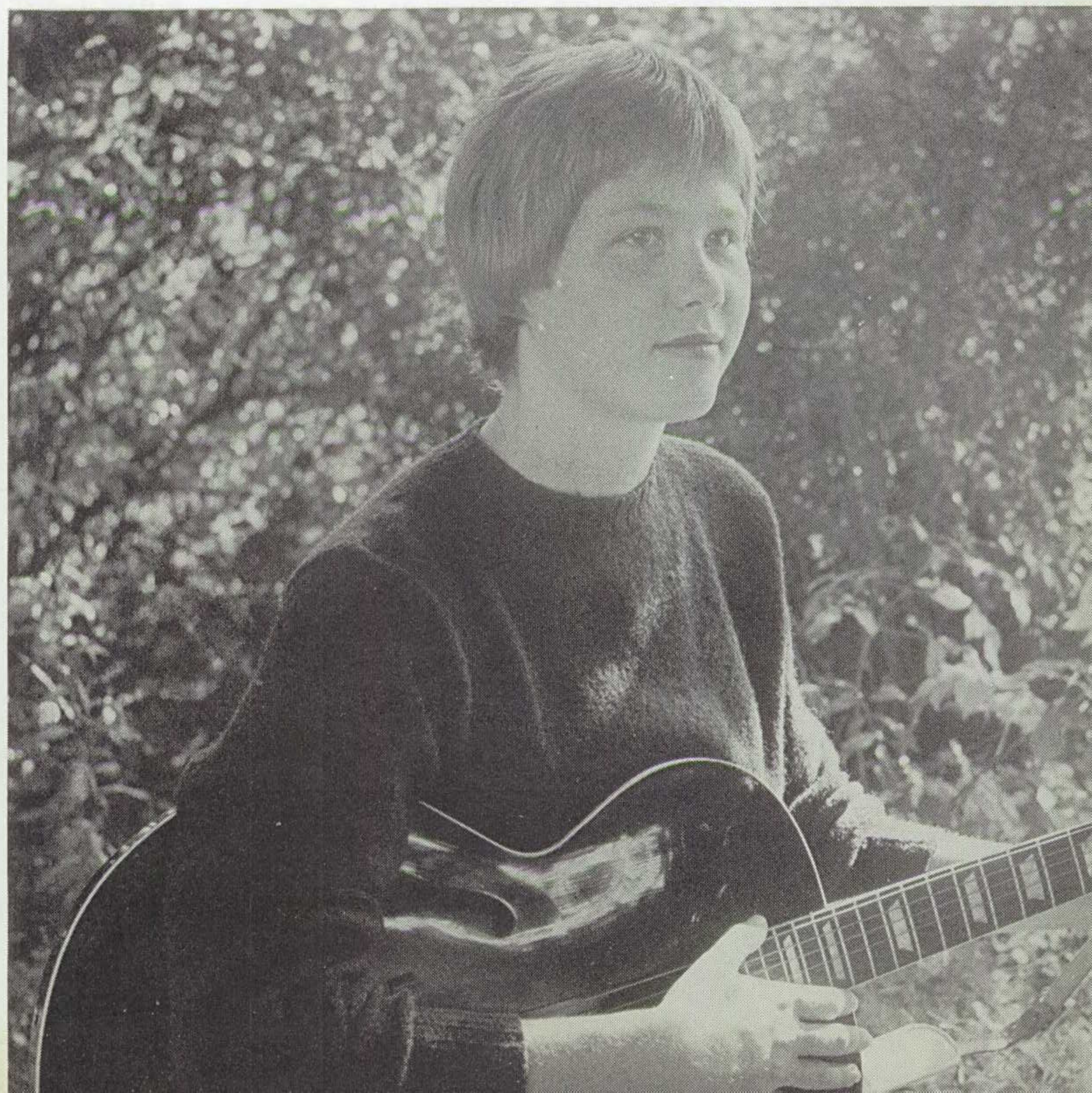
SHIRLEY ZUILL (Shirl), Harmony Hall, Warwick, Bermuda
" . . . seems to get along with everybody."



SARAH ANDREWS (Sally), 455 Lakeland Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan
"I just KNEW it! . . . yet, I wasn't quite sure."

VIVIAN ENDICOTT (Vivi), Rufus Putnam House, Rutland, Massachusetts
"The whole trouble with you is you never think these things through!"

CHARLOTTE McALLISTER (Robin), 25 Apawamis Avenue, Rye, New York
"I wish I knew the reasons."



LEE RAND (Rander), 25 Pembroke Road, Darien, Connecticut
"How about showing a little SPIRIT?"



NINA KNOWLTON Bailey Road, Holden, Massachusetts
". . . laughed and laughed and laughed."

LINDA JOHNSON (Johnnie), 143 Meeting Street, Providence, Rhode Island
"It's not the principle of the thing that bothers me."



FAITH LOW "Meadow Farm", East Islip, Long Island, New York
"Excuse me, I think somebody's hungry."



AMY CONGER, Shoreacres Road, Lake Bluff, Illinois
 "A Kangaroo! That's what I'd like to be! Boy, I'd go jumping all over the place."



SARAH NICHOLSON (Sass), 245 East Main Street, Moorestown, New Jersey
 "... the only person we know who can untie a pretzel."



PATRICIA RANARD (Pat), American Embassy, Seoul, Korea
 "What do you think of the world in general?"



ELIZABETH GINN (Liz), 1962 Village Road, Schenectady, New York
 "All right men! On to Mars!"

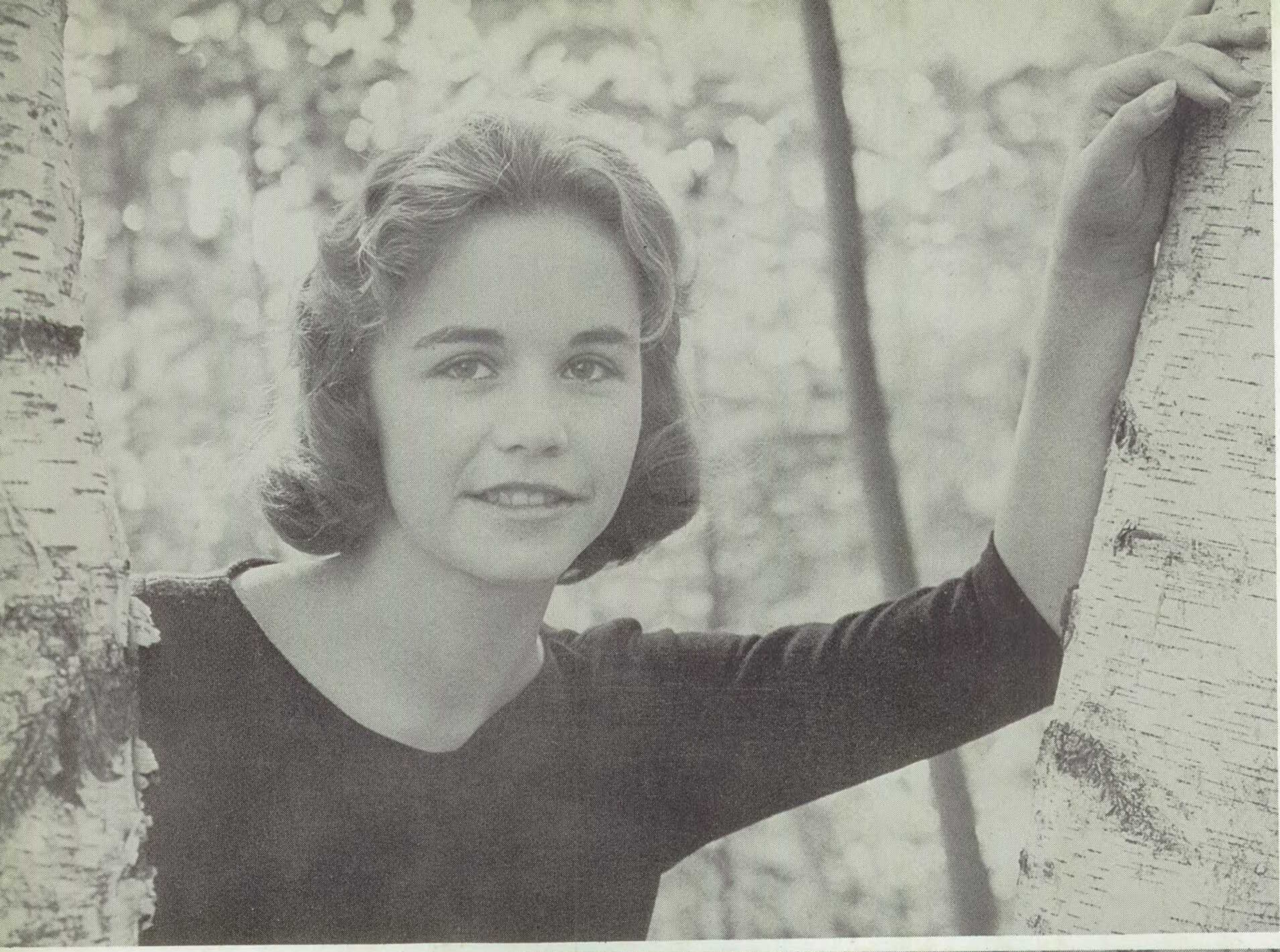
JANE BROUS (Janie), 60 Brunswick Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts
 "Just as a matter of curiosity . . ."





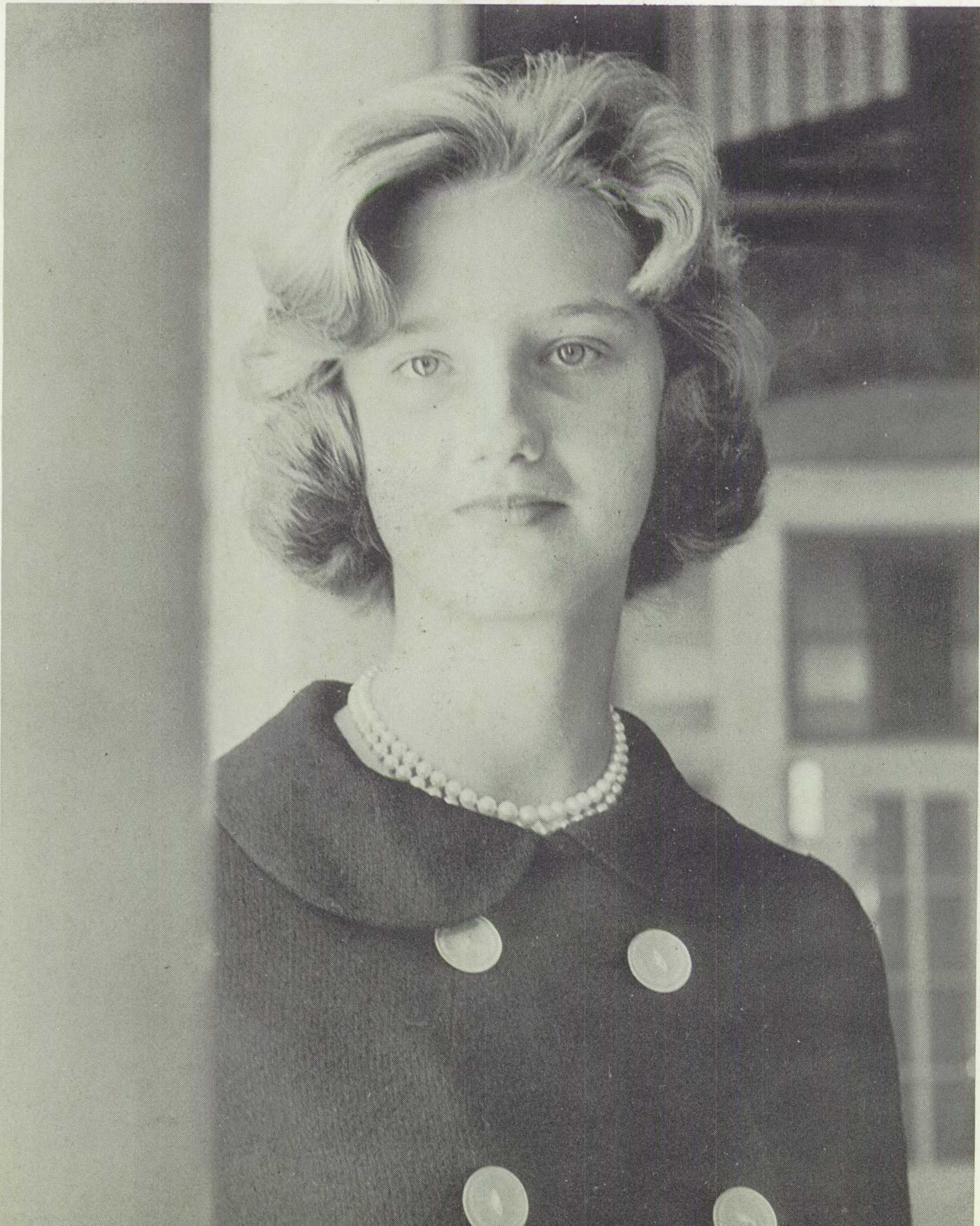
SARAH BRADLEY (Sally), 12 Clapboard Hill Road, New Canaan, Connecticut
"I guess there are some things we will never know in this lifetime."

TAMAR GRIGGS, 7800 John Dower Road, Tacoma, Washington
"Don't you just LOVE rain?"



SARAH FIELD (Peanut), Macatawa, Michigan
"We hate to see little Sally grow up in such a world."

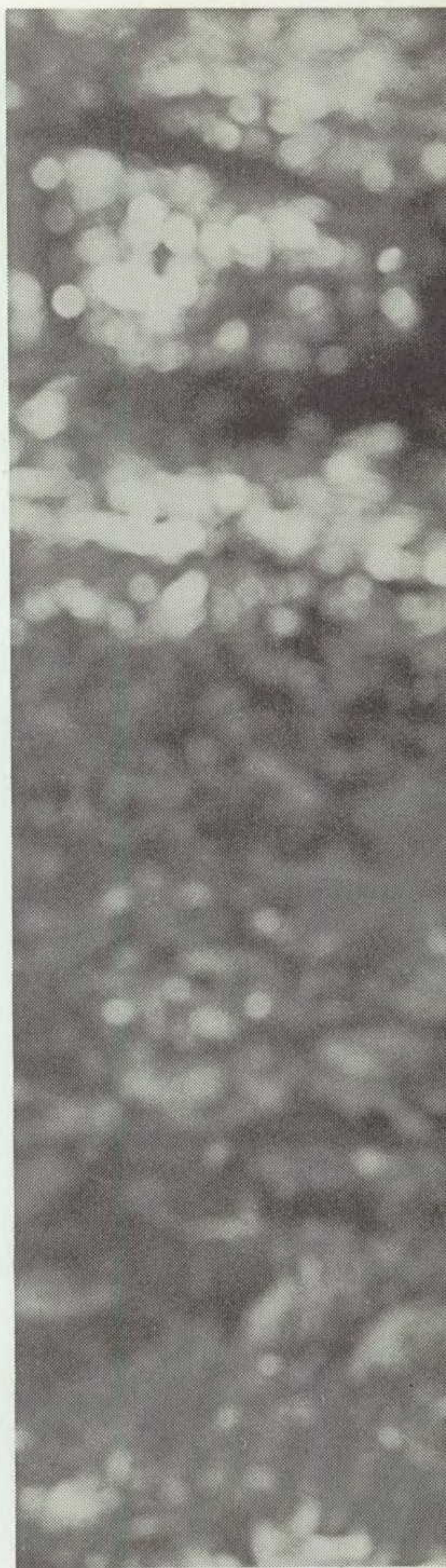
ANNE ROOSEVELT (Nina), Hyde Park, New York
"I just don't know . . . I've heard a lot of arguments on both sides."



**NANCY PUTNAM (Putters), 25 Middlemay Circle,
Forest Hills, Long Island, New York**
"How I dread next Monday."



MARY WETHERILL(Marita), Berkshire School, Sheffield, Massachusetts
"Don't turn your head! Look at the camera!"



SHARON WHITE
Massachusetts
"Do you know"



Vaumesit Farm, Flanders Road, Westborough,
is round?"



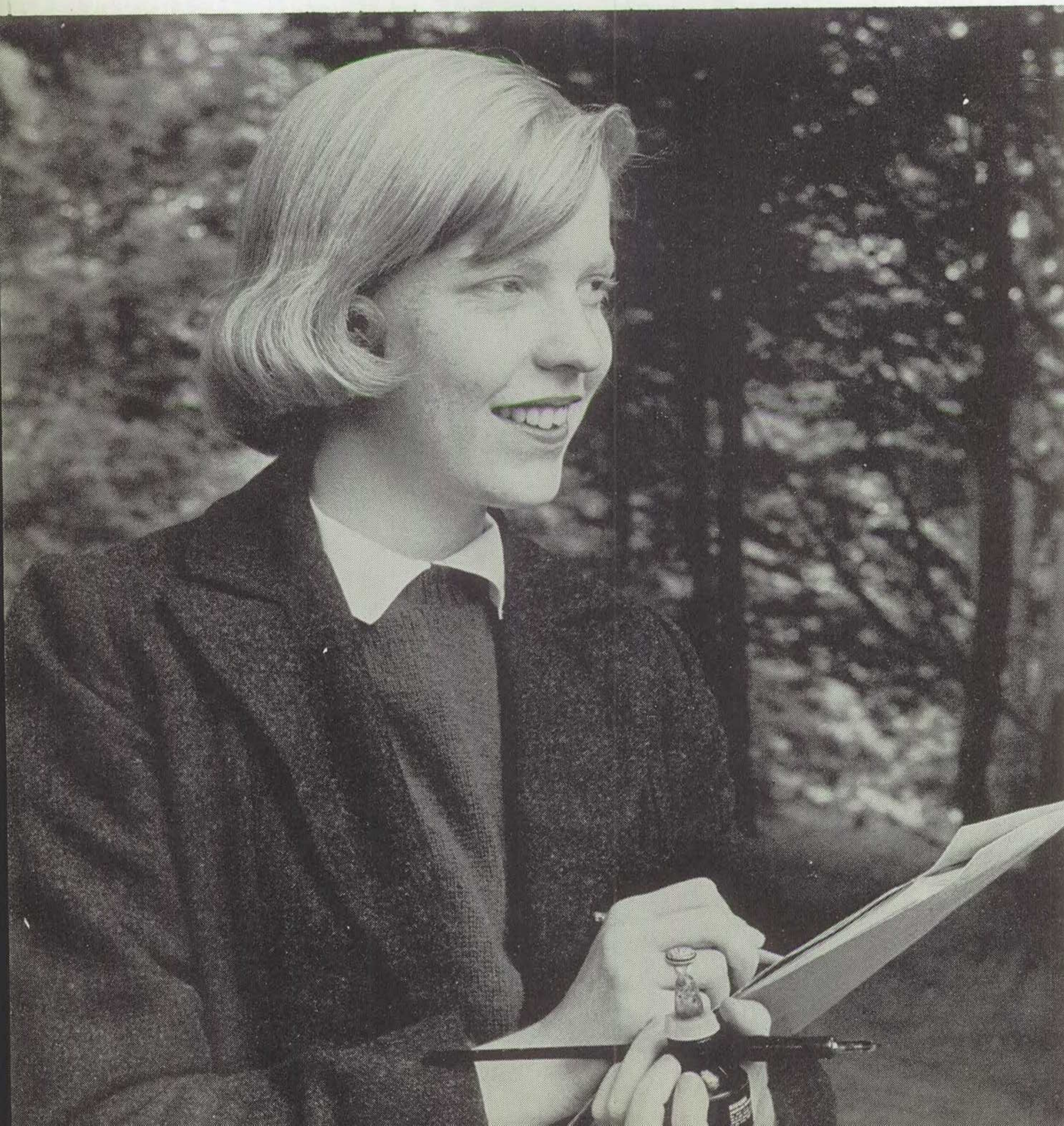
MARJORIE TINGUE (Tinj), Bowery Road, New Canaan,
Connecticut

"When I get discouraged, a comic magazine is the only
thing that will revive me."

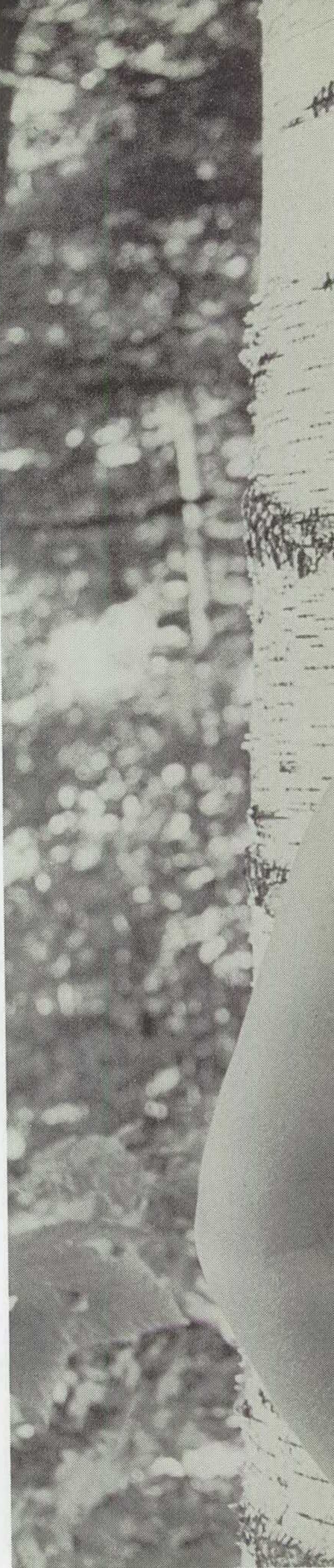
MARY ALICE DEAR (Bunny), "Dearfields", Blue Mill Road,
Morristown, New Jersey

"What we really need are some emotional outlets."

MARY WATERMAN (Mares), 266 Touraine Road, Grosse Pointe,
Michigan
"I can't stand it, I just can't stand it."



NANCY PARSHALL (Parsh), 1427 Squirrel Hill Avenue,
Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania
"That's pretty good . . . but I don't think it's good enough."



BARBARA SILVERMAN
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
". . . has a pleasant voice"



LINDA BANCROFT (Lin), "Pinecroft", Walker Street, Lenox, Massachusetts
"I'm sorry . . . if I upset you."

81 Sampson Parkway,

byone"

Dear Kathy,

It's been fun having
 you in the "locker room"
 this year. Good luck as
 a senior.

Love,
 Barb





BEVERLY BROWN (Bev), Atlantic Avenue, Cedarhurst, Long Island, New York
"We can think of nothing in all this world more obnoxious than a well-adjusted . . . Brown."

CAROLYN CASTLE (Candy), 2 Parsons Lane, Rochester 10, New York
"Seventy-four percent of all the men in the world . . ."





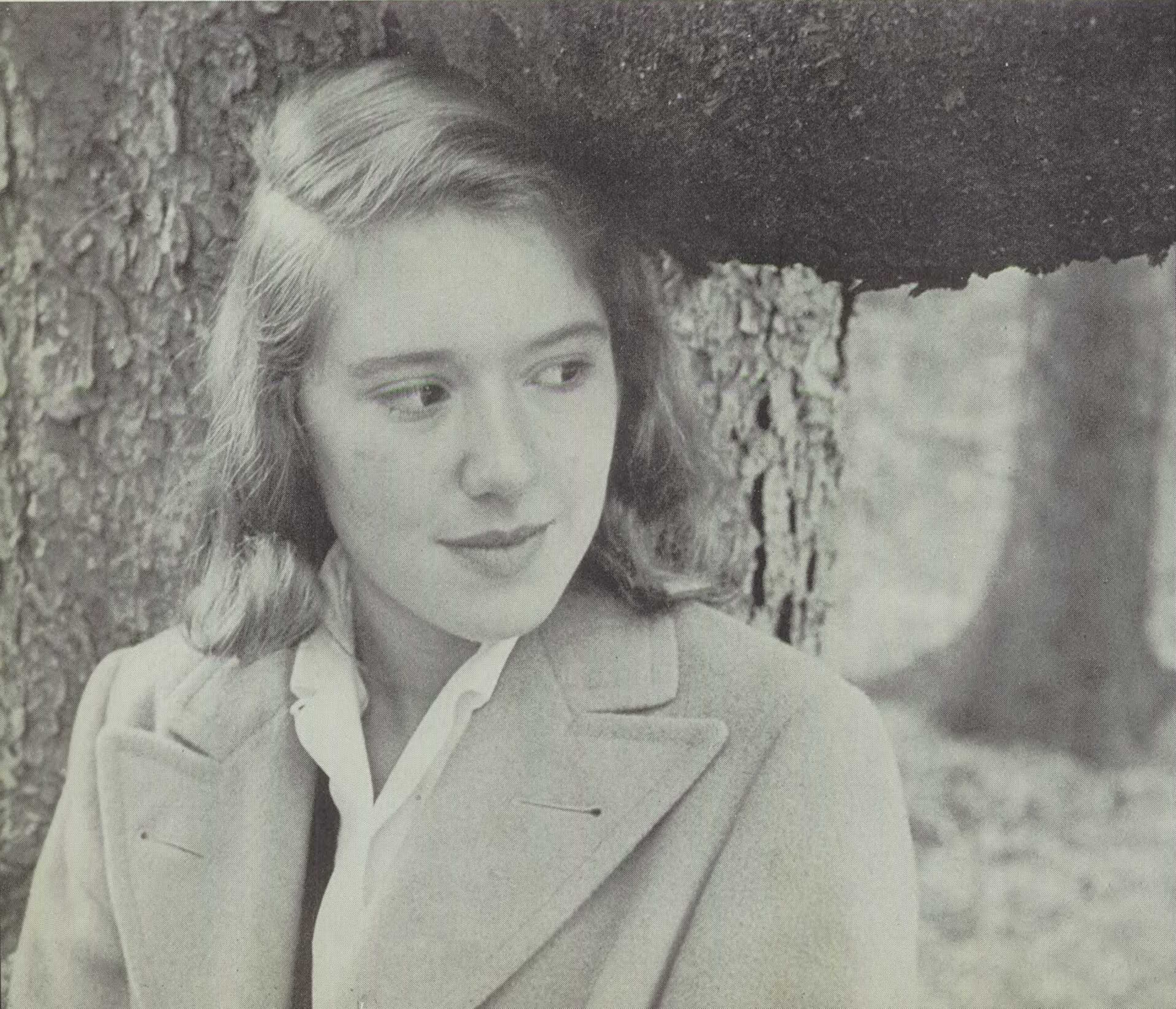
LYDIA LAWRENCE (Lyd), Ridge Road, Laurel Hollow, Syosset, Long Island,
New York
"Well, it's kind of hard to say."



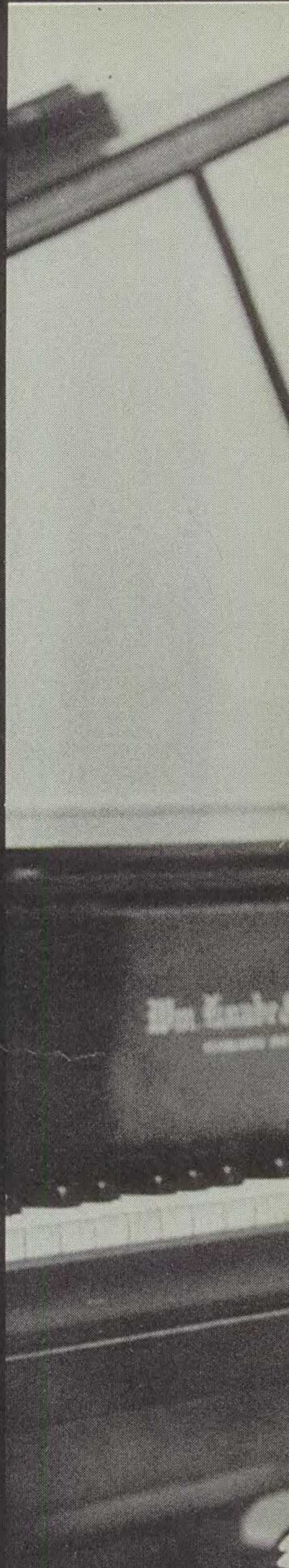
DOROTHY MacCOLL (Dottie), 61 Cooke Street, Providence, Rhode Island
"I just stood there all embarrassed and confused."



LUISA PORRAS (Weez), Club de Polo, Orrantia del Mar,
Lima, Peru
"I've got to start acting more sensible . . . tomorrow!"



KELSEY LANMAN, 800 Camino Poniente, Santa Fé, New
Mexico
"How could you be Beethoven and not be happy?"





CRAIGIE SUCCOP (Craigles), "Marcraig Farm", Butler, Pennsylvania
The sky is many colors . . . a little bit of yellow . . . some white, some pink, some green."

BEVERLY BAKER (Bev), 15 Chestnut Place, Short Hills, New Jersey
"... did you know that twelve thousand hours of your life will be spent in school?"





MARIAN CAMPBELL (Mare), Scaife Road, Sewickley, Pennsylvania
 "... a great believer in kindness."



SUSAN STRATTON (Stratty), 7400 North Green Bay Road, Milwaukee
 9, Wisconsin
 "I have a tune that keeps running through my mind."



WENDY DAVIS (D)
 Pittsfield, Massachusetts
 "I was sort of glad"



KATHERINE SNOW (Kathy), 3 Tokeneke Trail, Darien, Connecticut
 "What's going on here?"

outh Mountain Road,
 e up."

Dear Kathy,
 We have
 been a great fun
 being a senior in
 the locker room this
 year. You all are
 such a nice group to
 of kids. I'm going to
 miss you all so
 year. Be have yourself
 and keep up the good
 spirit. Good luck always,
 Wendy



GREER ANDREWS, Prospect Lane, Sands Point, Long Island, New York
"When I get big, I'm going to be a real fanatic."



KATHLEEN MCKENNA (Kathy), 830 Park Avenue, New York, New York
"Men are infinitely superior to women."





STARR ELLSWORTH, 120 East Weatogue, Simsbury, Connecticut
"That's incredible . . . it's fantastic, it's unbelievable."

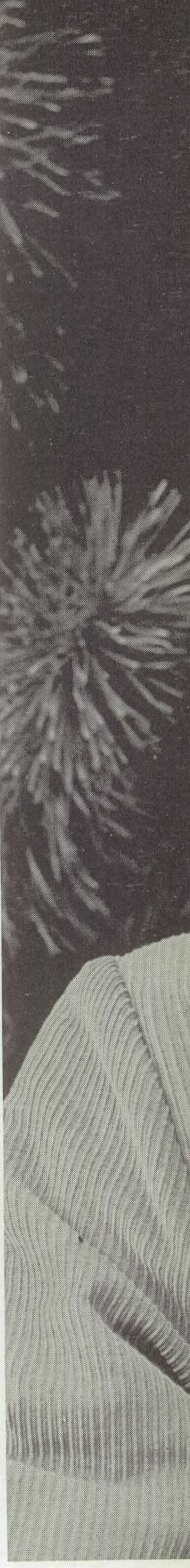
WENDY CUBBAGE, Navesink River Road, Red Bank,
 New Jersey
"Things look pretty bad."



LYNN BURCH, R.D. #1, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania
"Don't look so much on the dark side."



ELLEN BLACK (Gidget), 818 Marion Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio
"Won't that be fun?"





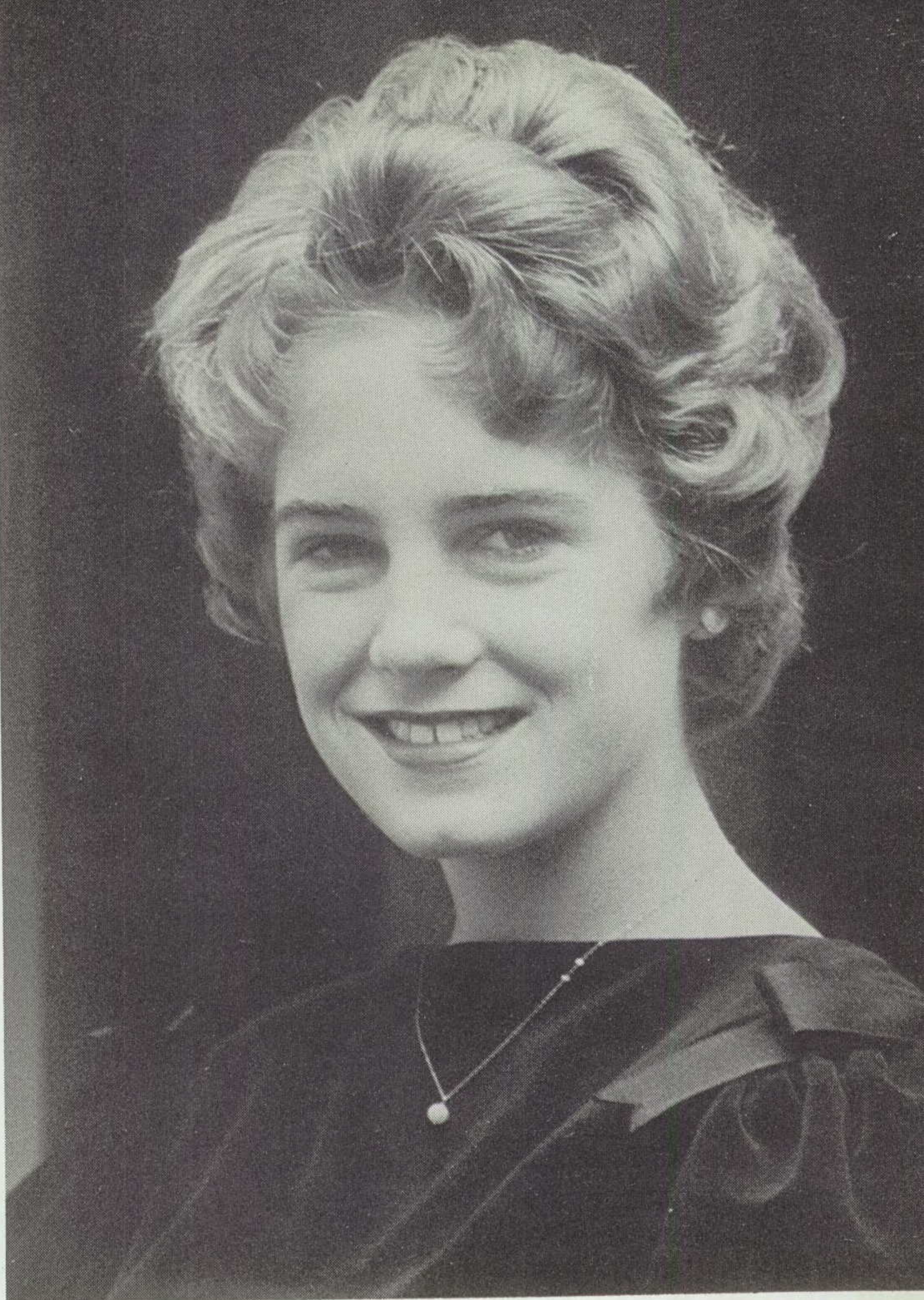
ELIZABETH KIMBALL (Betsy), 795 Lincoln Avenue,
Winnetka, Illinois
"Happiness should be shared."

ROSALIND HAVEMEYER (Roddy), R.F.D. #1, Huntington,
Long Island, New York
"This is what I like . . . the hustle and bustle of the city."



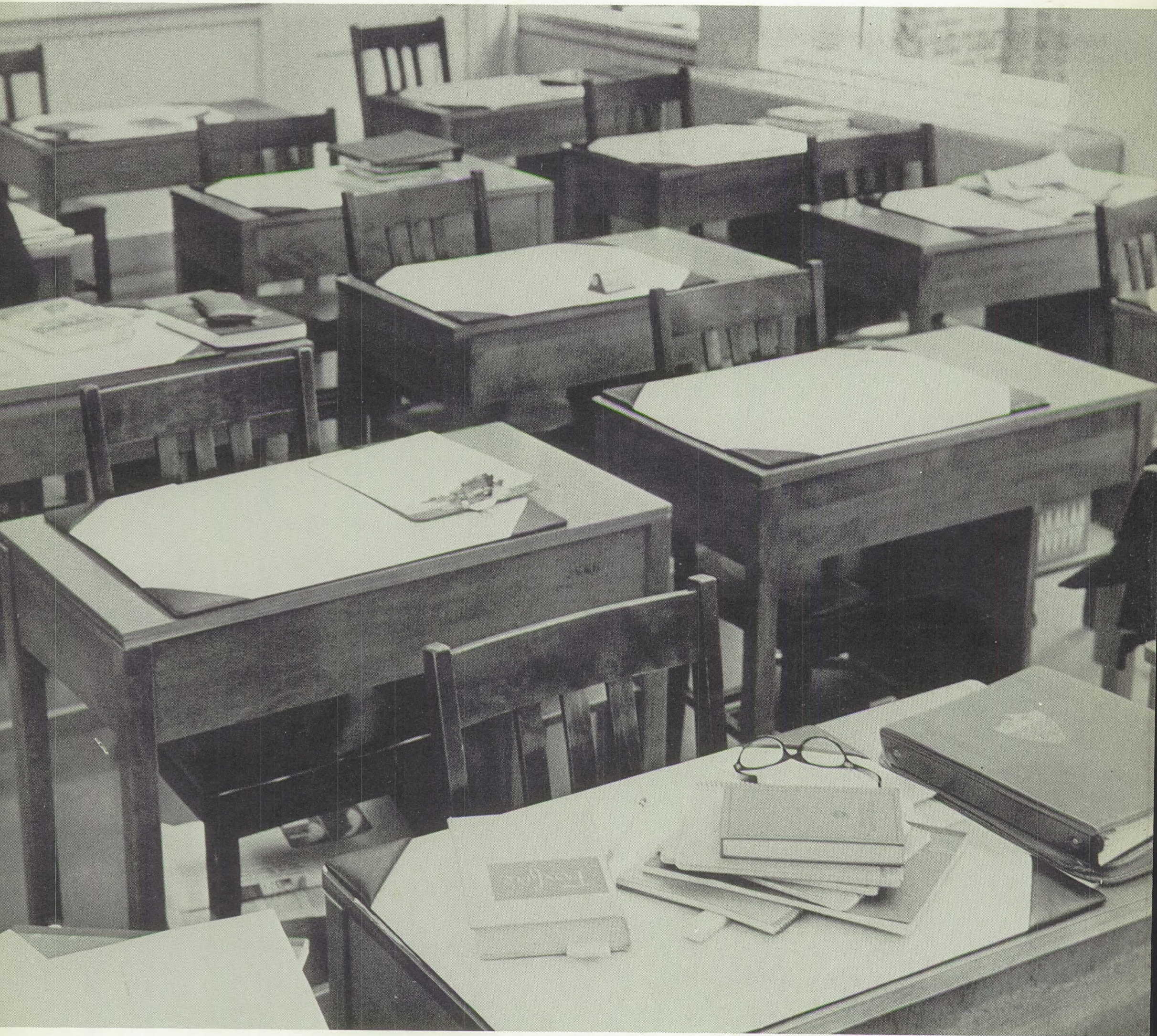
JOAN MAHANNA (Joanie), 20 Warwick Street, Pittsfield,
Massachusetts

"Wouldn't that be romantic?"



MELINDA MYERS (Linda), Ridge Farms, R.F.D. #2,
Norwalk, Connecticut

"I've never been so embarrassed in all my life."



AVE ATQUE VALE

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

STUDENT COUNCIL

MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

President Nancy Gould
Vice-President Anne Roosevelt
Secretary-Treasurer Sarah Nicholson

Junior Representatives

Leila Laughlin
Diane Grosjean
Calley Outerbridge

Sophomore Representatives

Kathleen Chamberlin
Judith Hackstaff

Day Student Representative

Wendy Davis

REPRESENTATIVES TO STUDENT COUNCIL

President of the Glee Club Ellen Black
President of the Senior Class Beverly Brown
President of Community Service Marian Campbell
President of the Art Club . . . Elizabeth Ginn
President of the Dramatic Club . . Elizabeth Kimball

President of the Athletic Association Lee Rand

COMMITTEES OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

LIBRARY

Lynn Burch (Chairman, Greer Andrews, Anne Bush, Lynda Deming, Louise Lins, Faith Low, Charlotte McAllister, Barbara Silverman (assistants); Margaret Bangs, Mary Barr, Mary Galloway, Kathryn Gardner, Mary Ann Hubbard, Pamela Pease (aides)

SOCIAL

Shirley Zuill (Chairman), Tomelyn Baker, Deborah Childs, Joan Ferguson, Rosalind Havemeyer, Faith Low, Melinda Myers.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Greer Andrews (Chairman), Lydia Lawrence, Dorothy Mac Coll, Roberta Preu, Sue Shepard.

CHAPEL

Tamar Griggs, Mary Waterman (Co-Chairmen), Deborah Bulkley, Joyce Guylay.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President Lee Rand

Vice-President Luisa Porras

Secretary Sarah Field

Treasurer Joan Weston

Blue Team Captain Marjorie Tingle

Gold Team Captain Nina Knowlton

Blue Team Lieutenant Elizabeth Winslow

Gold Team Lieutenant Louise Burley

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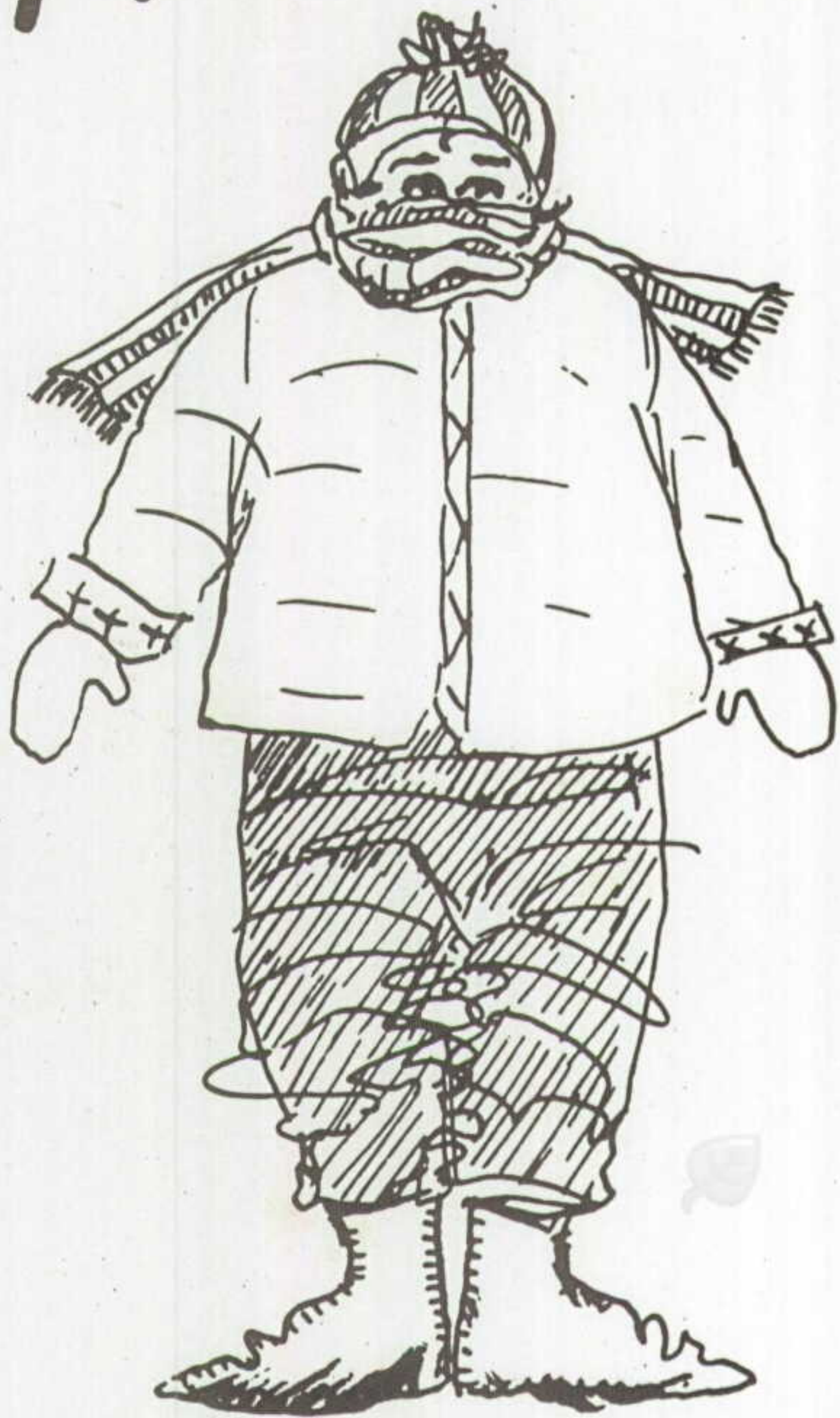
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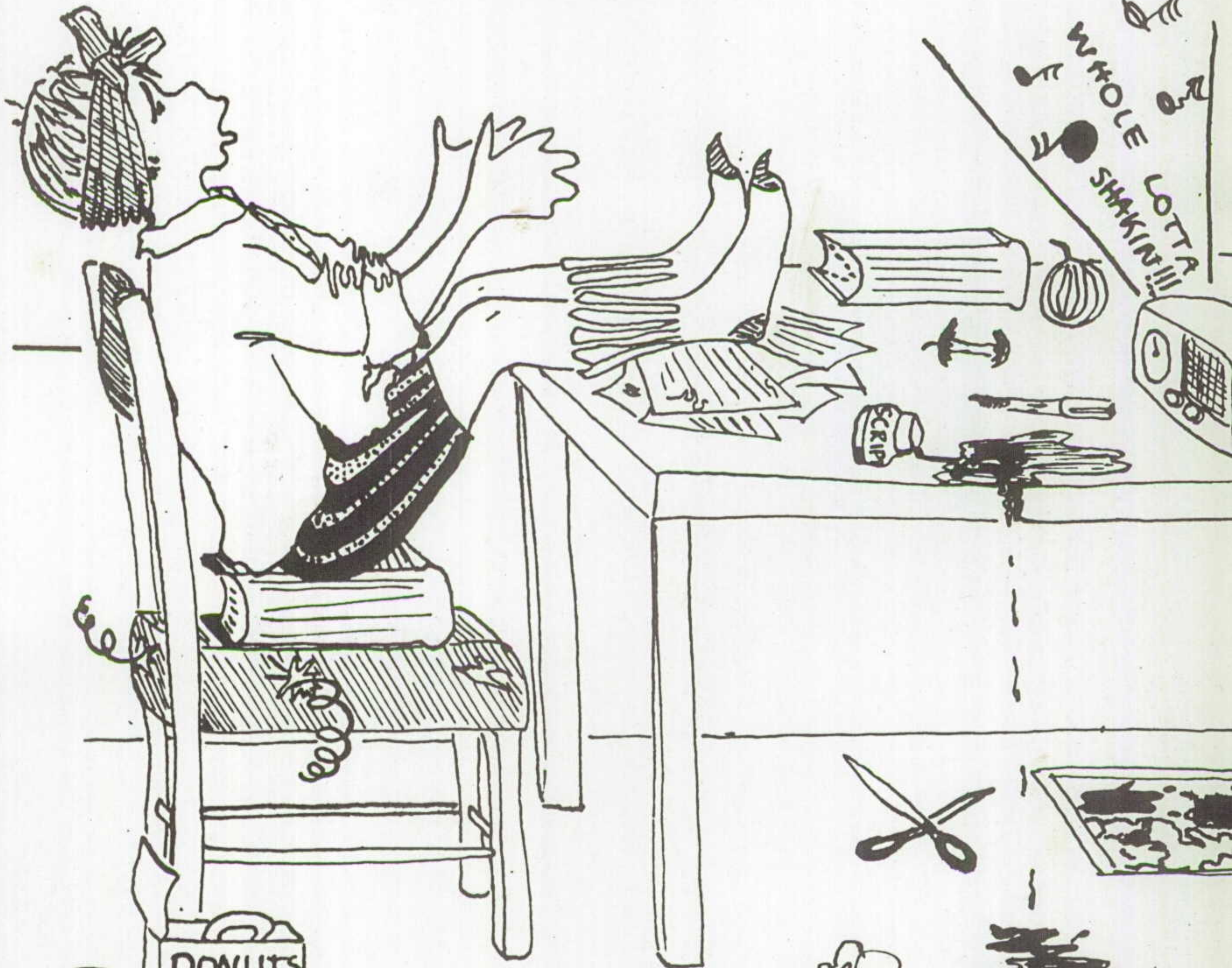


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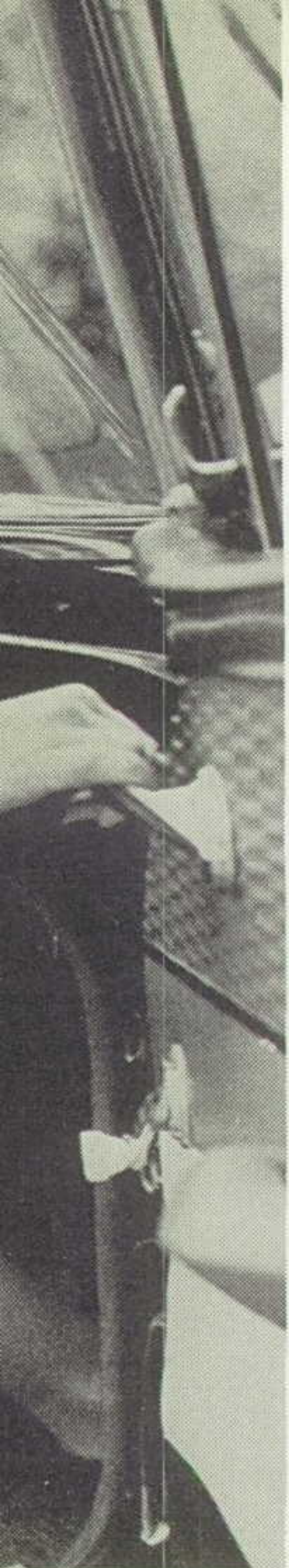


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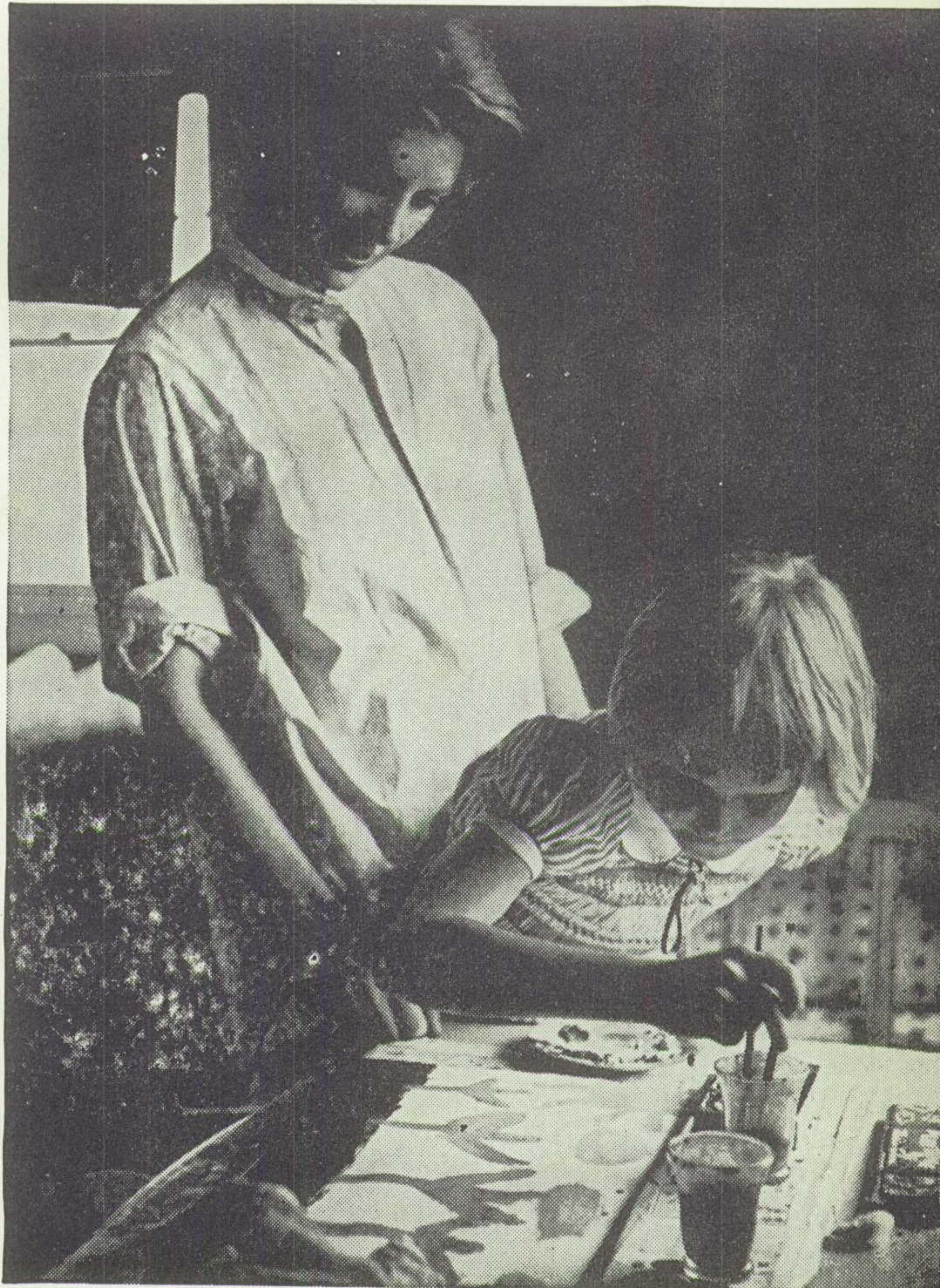
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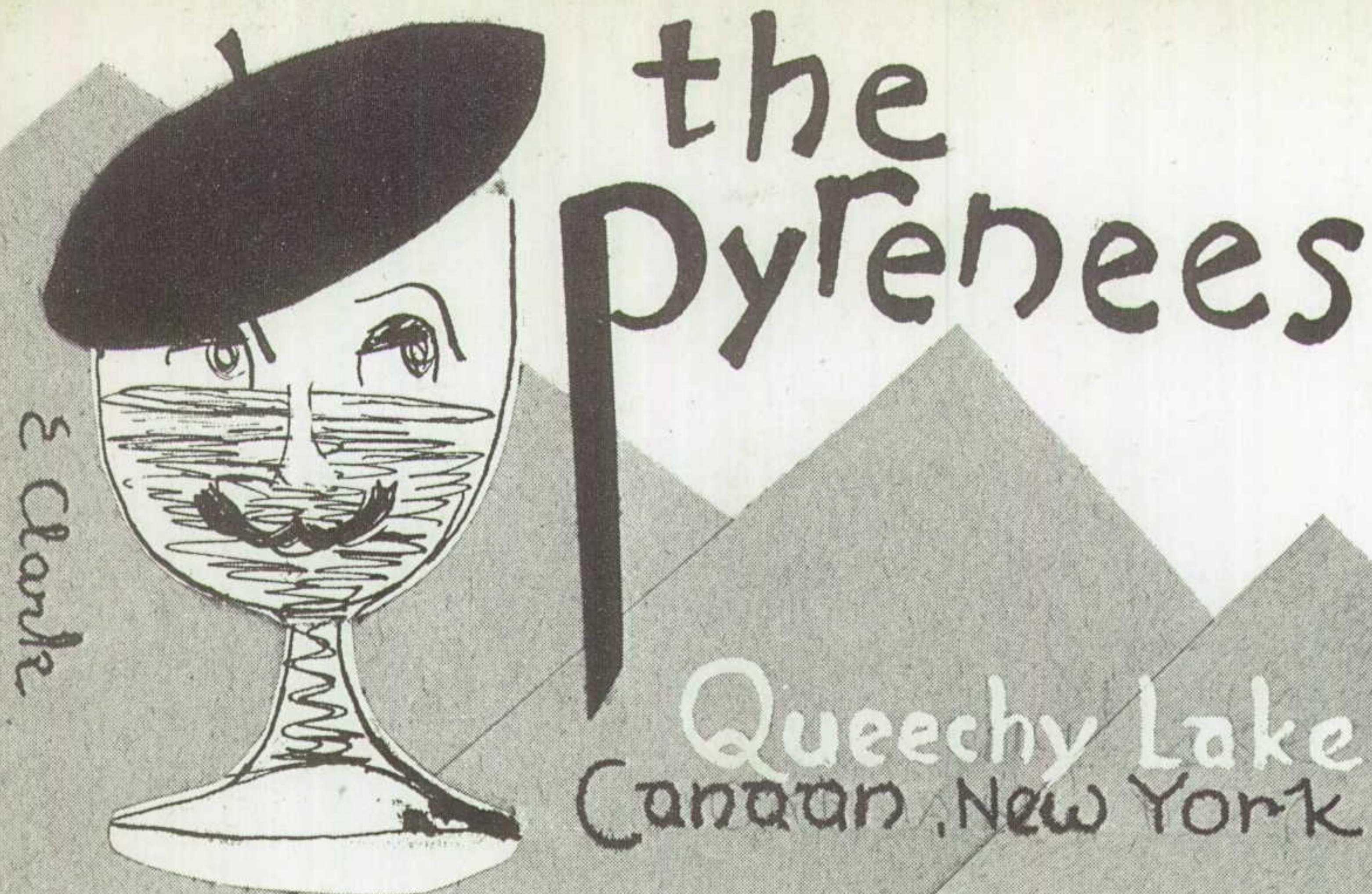




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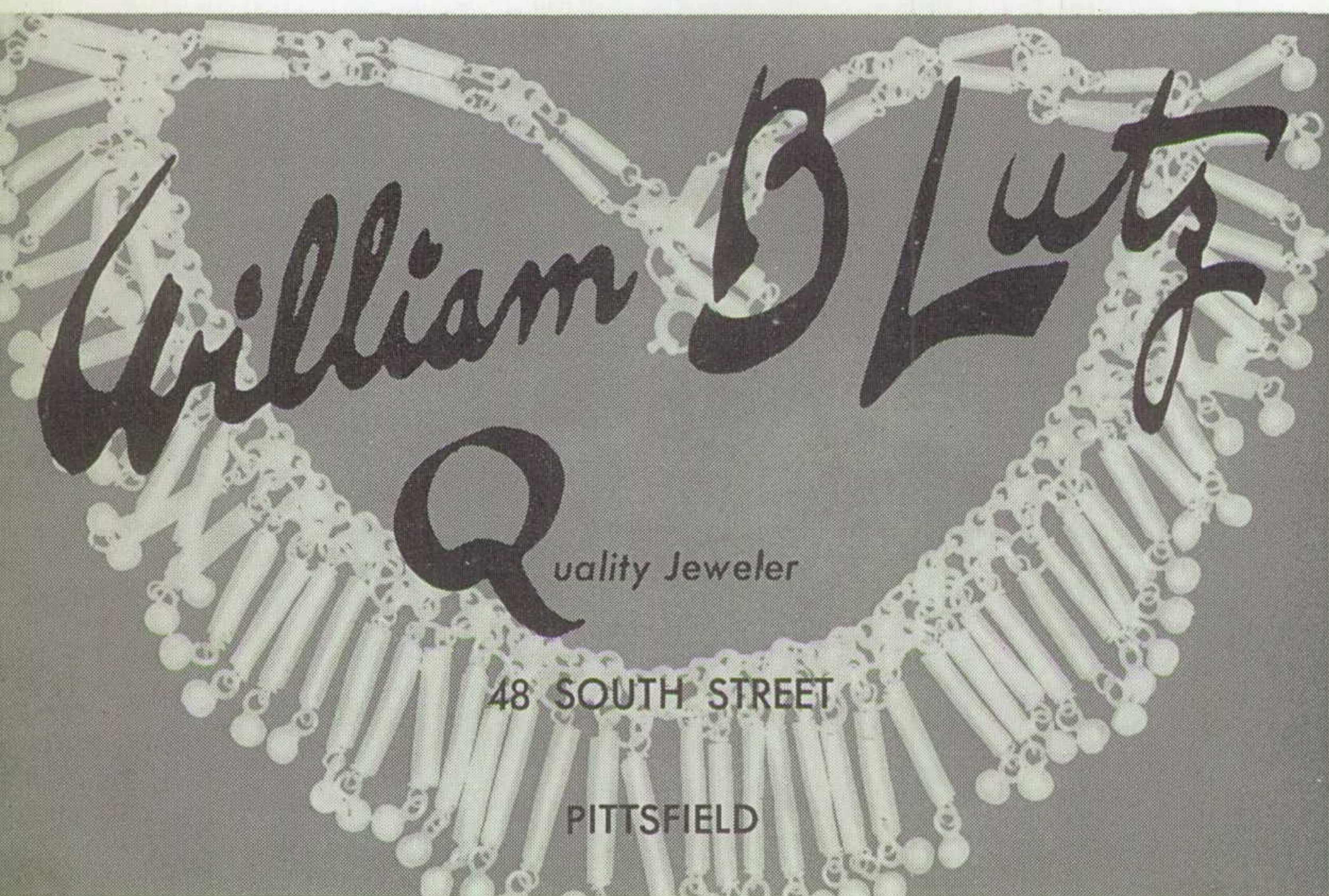


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ON THE WINGS OF THE MOON

(continued from page 42)

the road, was his horse, looking now like a great ghost of an iron statue, with steam coming off his back. The doctor took me home and told my parents how he had been returning from a call and had heard someone laughing and singing, how he had come upon me sitting in the snow, and had thought that I was lost. He never saw the fairies. They were my own special secret."

"Did you ever go back there again?"

"No, Catherine, I didn't. I was kept in the house for a week and by the time I was allowed out again, it had rained and the snow was gone taking the fairy ring with it. I never saw it again. But I saw the fairies often. In the fall, they were in the dry leaves, and in the spring, they were in the new flowers. I used to help them find beetles to ride, and I would make little bark canoes for them to sail." The old woman fell silent. Then, taking her hand from the little girl's fair hair, she said "It's late. You should be in bed, asleep. Here comes Mama now."

Catherine was whisked away upstairs, leaving her granny alone in the dim parlor. Later that night, in bed, she shut her eyes and dreamed wonderful, beautiful dreams — dreams of tall flowery castles and princes riding beetles; of fairies letting down their long golden hair from turret windows and dragons sailing birch-bark canoes down streams of singing air.

Outside, the thin moon had risen higher in its cutting arc. All of the little clouds had fled, leaving it alone in the heavens. The old woman rose slowly from her seat by the window and went upstairs, pausing to click off the light on the landing. The soft moonlight made silhouettes of the straight-backed chairs in the dark parlor. Through their patterns she looked out of the window once more, beyond the cherry tree orchard which glowed bleakly against the silvered fields. Then smiling a half-smile at long-forgotten things brought to mind, she turned and went into her room.

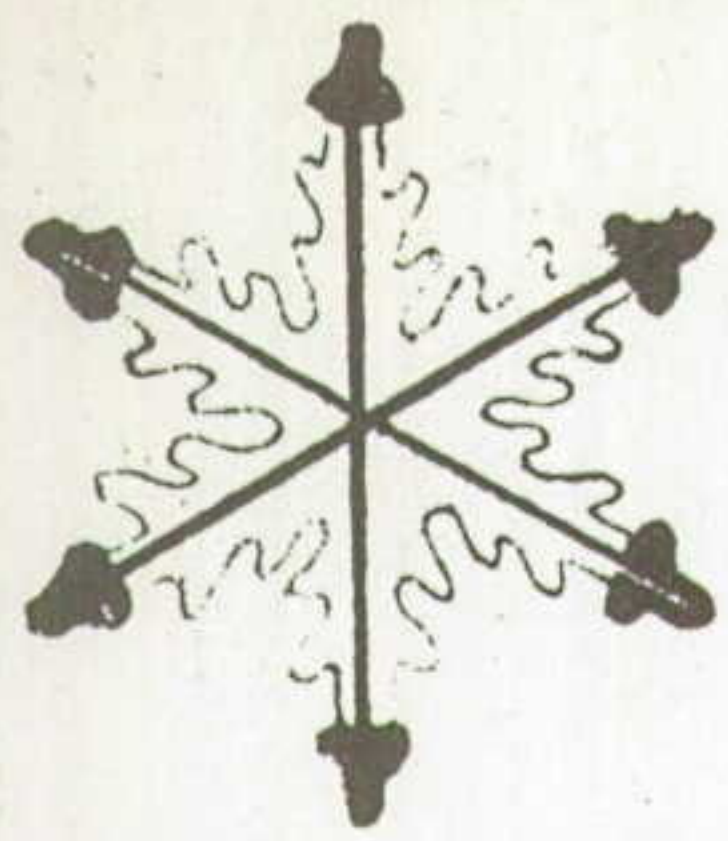
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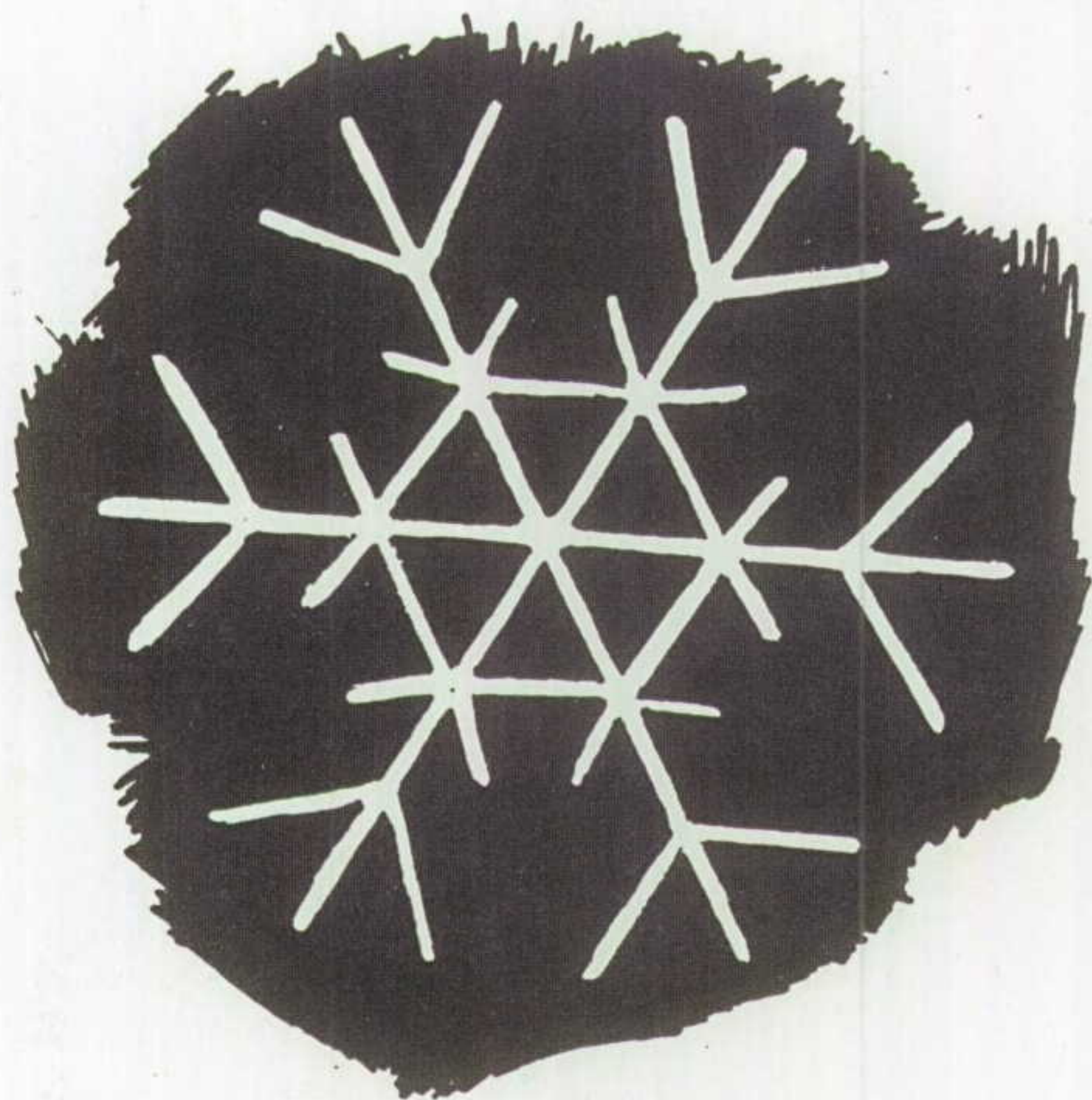
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IMPRESSIONS OF MOSCOW

(continued from page 45)

display of heavy machinery and scientific work. Even though the Russians sold tickets only to those people for whom they considered it "safe", the Exhibition was crowded, many persons having come all the way from Leningrad or Kiev. As soon as they recognized us as Americans, they crowded around, showering us with questions, not about freedom of speech, free voting or democracy, however, but mostly about the prices of consumer goods. When we did tell them about the American way of life, they either did not believe us, or were indifferent. The Fair gave glimpses of American life in various exhibits that ranged all the way from a model house to sailboats on an artificial pond. In comparison to the Automobile Show, the Fashion Show drew hardly any attention. The paperback bookstand exhibit seemed the most popular. In this country everyone reads, — going up and down in elevators, on street corners, standing up in buses.

We even saw readers leaning out of their windows to catch the last bit of daylight (for the Russians are also economical). The main preoccupations of the Soviets seem to be consumer goods and education. Nothing horrifies them more than backwardness, and *nekulturny* (not cultured) is the most derogatory of terms.

Russia is a serious-minded nation in which nothing seems to be done just for fun or enjoyment, but always for a purpose. The minds of even ordinary workers seem filled with universal problems, with no room for trivialities. Our Moscow guide, Boris, is a good illustration of this preoccupation. One day at the American Exhibition I was strolling along next to him, and my older sister was walking in front of us, looking especially pretty in a colorful sundress. Since Boris was young and Russian women are not usually attractive, I wondered if he would not find her interesting. He did not give her a glance. He was probably trying to remember how many meters high

a tower of a certain church was, or how many tons a certain tomb weighed — he never told us the architectural style of the tower, or who was buried in the tomb. Boris was an "intellectual" in that he was scientific and studious, but he did not have a really analytical mind — the State cannot afford that kind of mind.

Boris took us to one of the few remaining monasteries where services are still held. The liturgy was being celebrated when we arrived at the main church, which was filled with older women — no young people. As the women see that their religion is threatened, they seem all the more fervent. They have the strength of the catacomb Christians, and when they pray, they prostrate themselves weeping on the floor. The Russians have always been mystics. Even the most illiterate peasant felt tremendous need of spiritual aid and meditated on God and Truth. The new generation, however, to us appeared spiritually void. A dry, machine-like state has been substituted for the God who was so close to these people. We stayed in the church a few minutes, transfixed by the beauty of the service and the ardent chanting of the women, when suddenly Boris turned and rushed out. He said that it made him physically ill to see someone pray. And when we argued, he replied, "Why should I believe in God? Look at these women. They believe. They are also hungry and in rags. I work for the State and look at me."

Americans are inclined to feel sorry for the Russians, picturing them as underfed and oppressed. In general they do not appear to be underfed, and they

are surely very patriotic — probably more so than we Americans ever could be, because they feel, like the pre-revolutionary Russians, so closely rooted in the soil. Their characters sometimes baffled us. Some were spontaneous, friendly, sympathetic, but more were impersonal and mechanical. The younger ones seem to be becoming more and more like Boris. Americans wonder if Russians are "happy," for we of the Western world continually seek happiness. Russians do not seem to seek it — or even to consider it. The ordinary workers occupy themselves more with individual duties to the State and the "Five Year Plans" than with romance, family affection, or personal ethics. Such preoccupation makes them seem impersonal and no longer "human."

After traveling through the Soviet Union for a month we flew from the Black Sea to Switzerland. While we were in Russia we had looked forward to being back among people who could still delight and find humor in small things. We craved the humanness of the Western World. But when we arrived at the Zurich Airport, we looked around us astounded. What we saw did not look human, nor attractive; it looked frivolous and superficial. While in Russia we were oppressed by a sense of heaviness and monotony; back in our world we were oppressed by a sense of decadence. The U.S.S.R. has some of the old American pioneer spirit. The Soviets revolutionize and build, while we merely reform and protect what we have. The way of democracy is the noblest, but is it, I wonder, the strongest, the most dynamic way.



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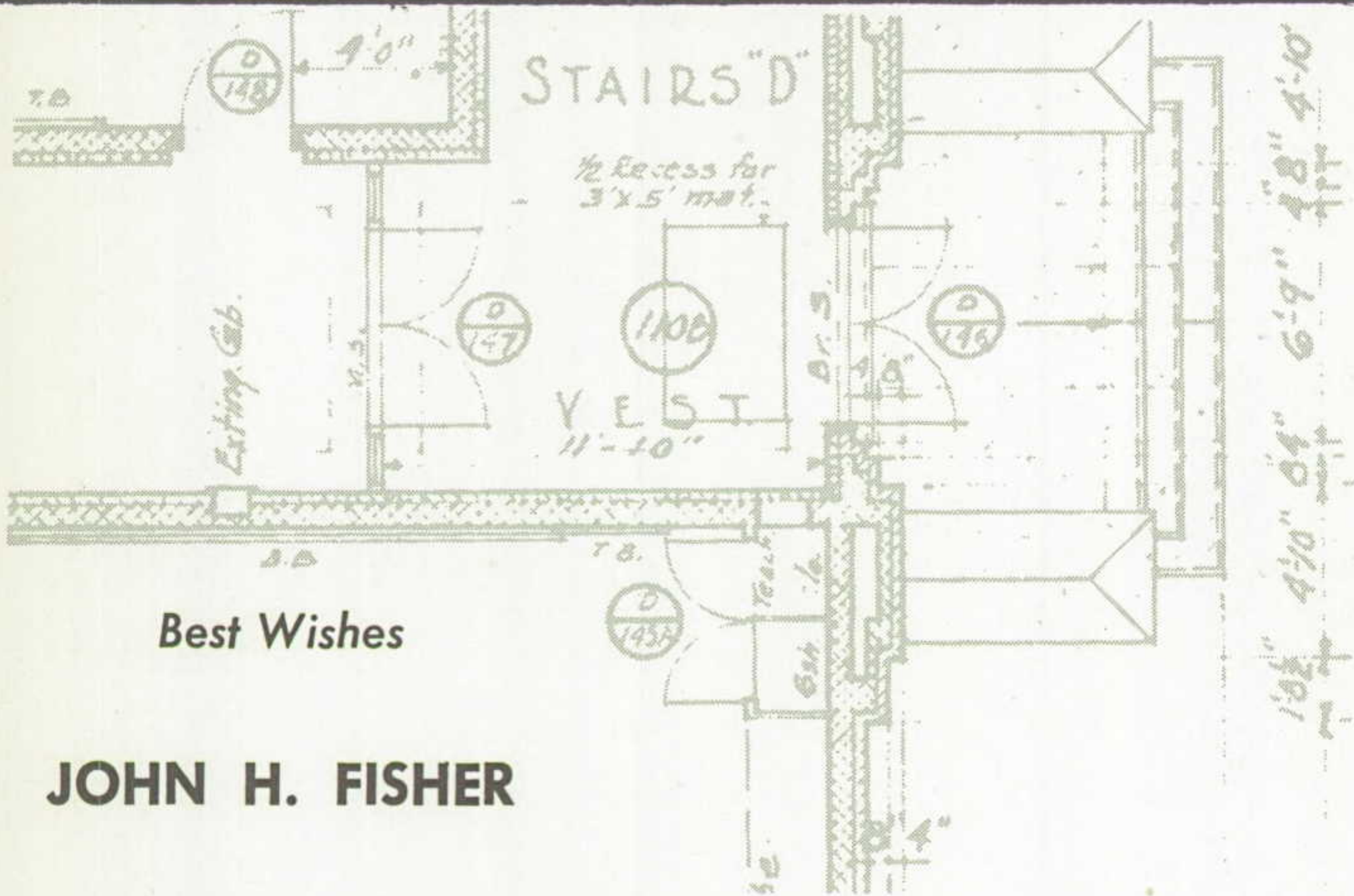
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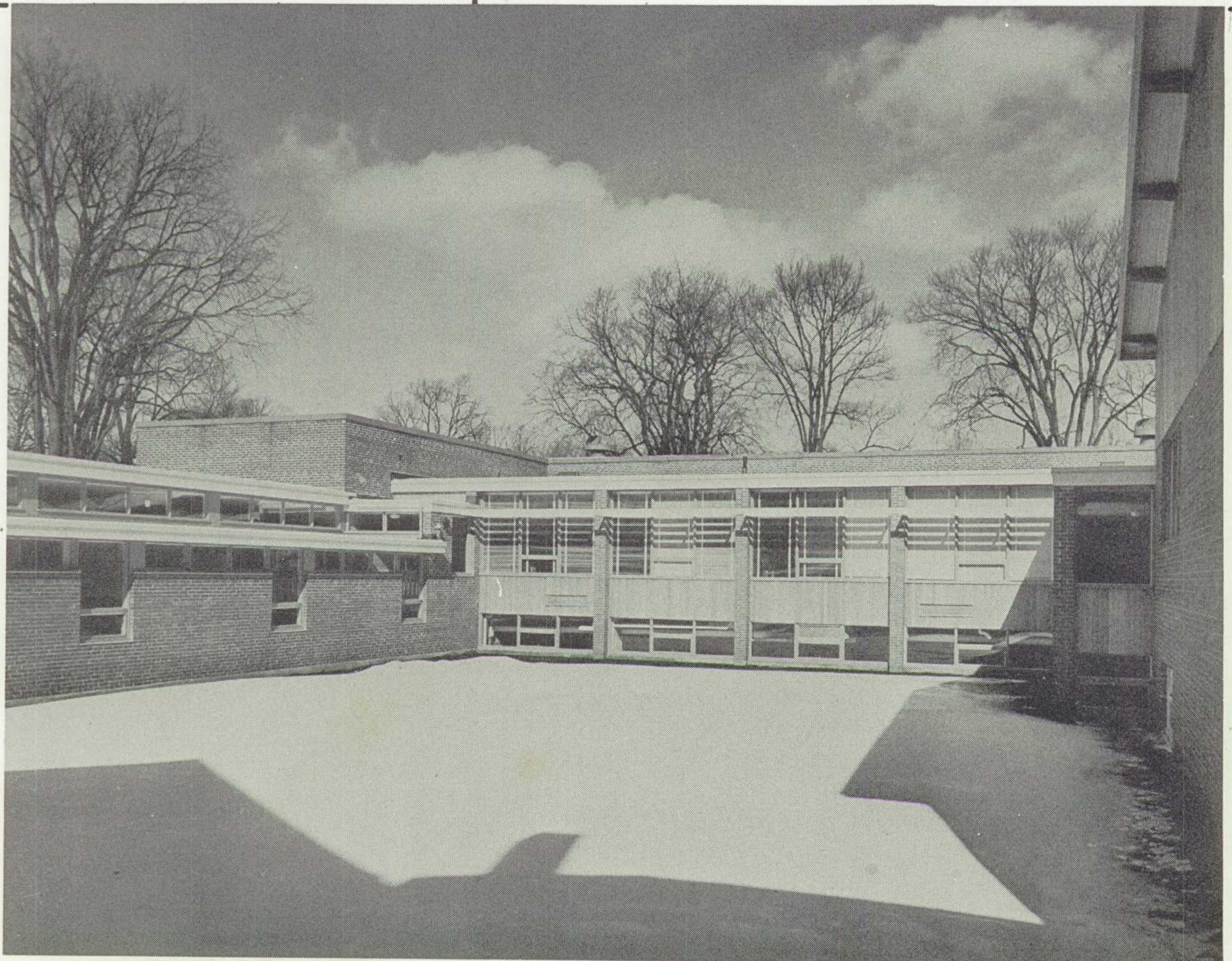
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SKIP ROPE AND JON-KEN-PON

(continued from page 49)

her head. She saw from the blackboard that it was a geometry lesson. In a voice warmed by an Irish lilt, the nun began speaking.

"When you have two triangles to prove congruent, you look at them first, and when no ideas come, you say, 'Come, Holy Ghost', and then you look at them again." A little titter ran through the classroom. Jenny did not laugh. She didn't know who the Holy Ghost was. The thin, dark-eyed girl whispered:

"My name's Hanneke. What're you?" Jenny did not understand. "I mean — what nationality?"

"Why, American." What a funny question, Jenny thought.

"Oh, then you speak English." Hanneke sounded disappointed. "We thought you'd be German, like Renate." Hanneke pointed to a tall, fair-haired girl in the front row. "And then we'd have to teach you English."

"German!" Jenny sounded insulted. Hanneke looked at her strangely.

"I'm Dutch." She continued amusedly, "Lots of people aren't American, you know. You're the only one in this class now. Do you live in Chicago with all the gang-sters?" She pronounced the word as though she had seen it written, but had never spoken it before. "Is your father a film star?"

"Why, no. We live in Vermont, and my father's in the Foreign Service," said Jenny dignifiedly.

"Never heard of Vermont. Do you know any cowboys?"

"No", said Jenny guiltily. Suddenly she wished she did. Didn't this girl know anything about America? Did she think all Americans were gangsters or movie-stars or cowboys? Jenny turned to Hanneke determinedly. "There aren't any gangsters or movie-stars in Vermont, where we live. Most of the people are farmers."

"Oh." Hanneke was no longer interested. Jenny looked at the blackboard and felt miserable. She wished she were at home, in Vermont, where they hadn't come to congruent triangles yet, and there was enough land for all the people, and all her friends

(continued on page 104)

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(continued from page 102)

were American as she was. Outside the classroom, a cowbell rang, and at the nun's signal, the girls stood, and, bowing their heads, repeated a few short prayers. Jenny looked for the Flag in the corner of the classroom. There was none.

"Our Father, which art in Heaven . . ." The Lord's Prayer. She knew that.

"... but deliver us from evil, Amen." finished one nun and sixteen girls.

"... for thine is the Kingdom . . ." continued the seventeenth.

There was a small silence during which Hanneke looked curiously at Jenny, who was thinking fierce and bitter thoughts. The nun's voice said smoothly:

"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen."

The girls began to form a line, the tallest girl, Renate, leading. Hanneke motioned Jenny to follow her. When the rank had formed, the nun brought out a small wooden object from the folds of her skirt, and clicked it once. The line began to move in silence through the long angular corridors to the covered walk, where it turned and crossed the driveway to a small playground. There the line broke its formation, and the girls began to talk.

"It's Recreation now," said Hanneke. Jenny did not know what "Recreation" was, but she guessed it was "Recess". A knot of girls began to form around Jenny and Hanneke. "This is Carlotta, who comes from Portugal; and Kanae, who's Japanese; and Maureen —she comes from Canada."

The heads around Jenny were topped with shining black braids or pale yellow curls; their eyes were lightly rounded or darkly slanted; their faces pearly white or dusky brown. They were friendly faces. Hanneke spoke:

"Let's play a game. We'll teach you to play jon-ken-pon, Jennifer, if you'll teach us an American game." . . . Jon-ken-pon. That sounded interesting—different from skip rope, or hide-and-seek. . . . And suddenly Jenny forgot she was a dignified American, representing her country in a crowded land, and she smiled shyly.

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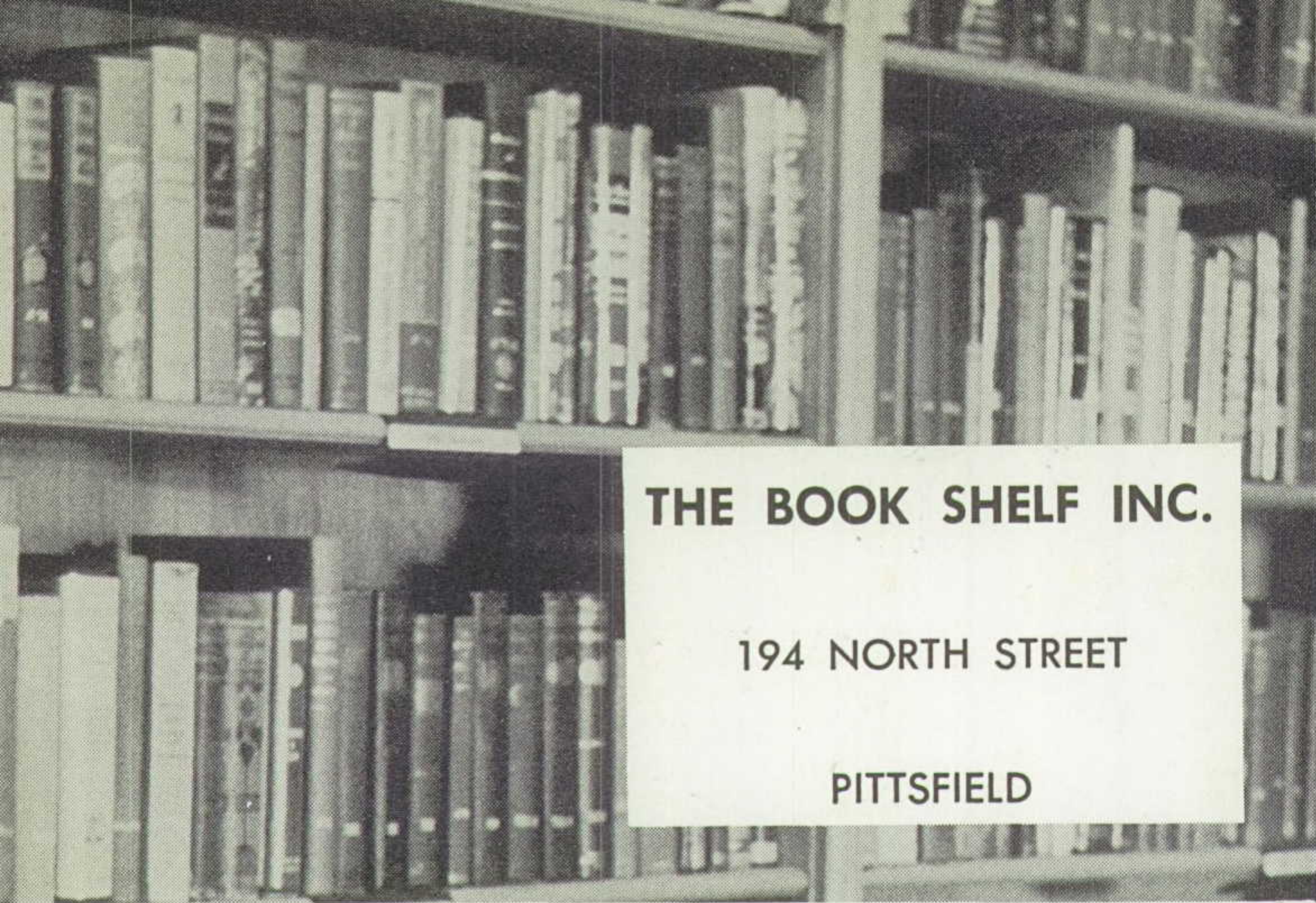
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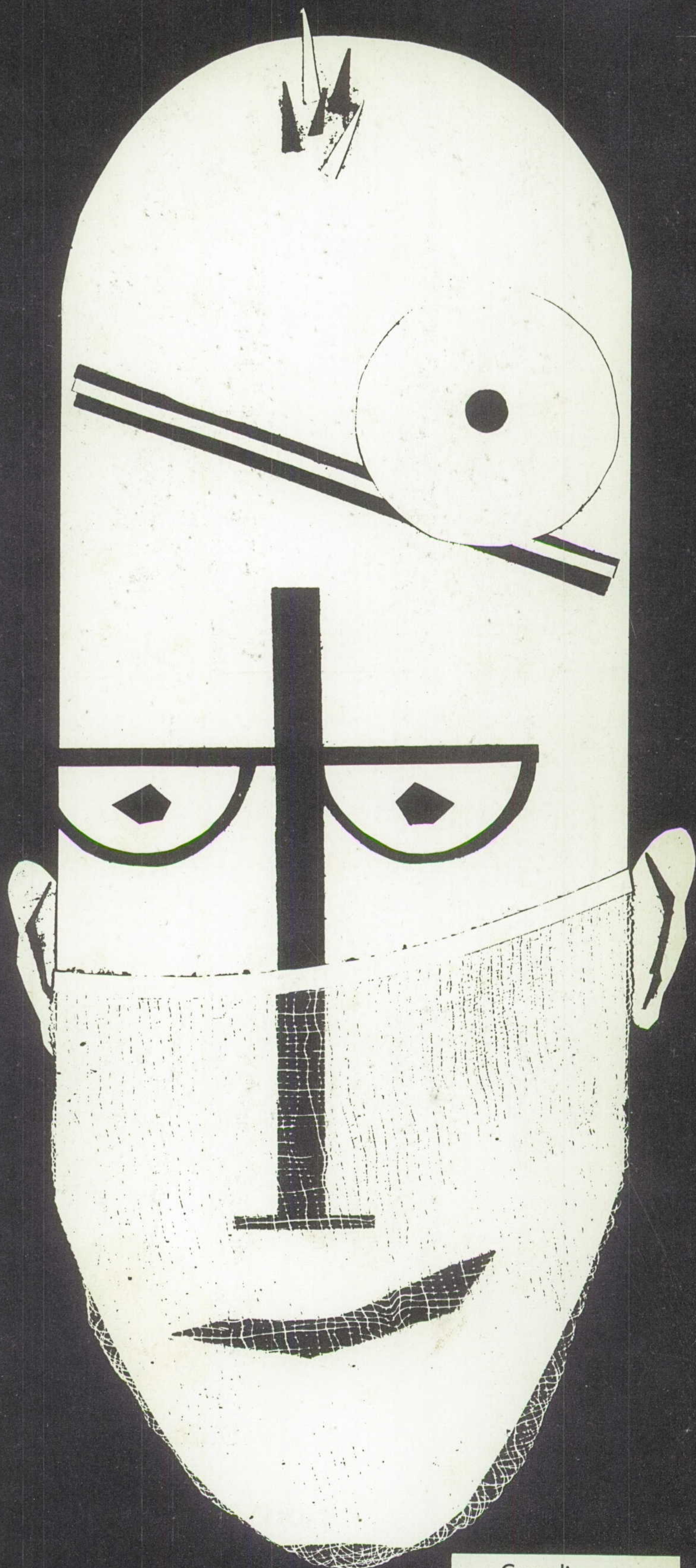
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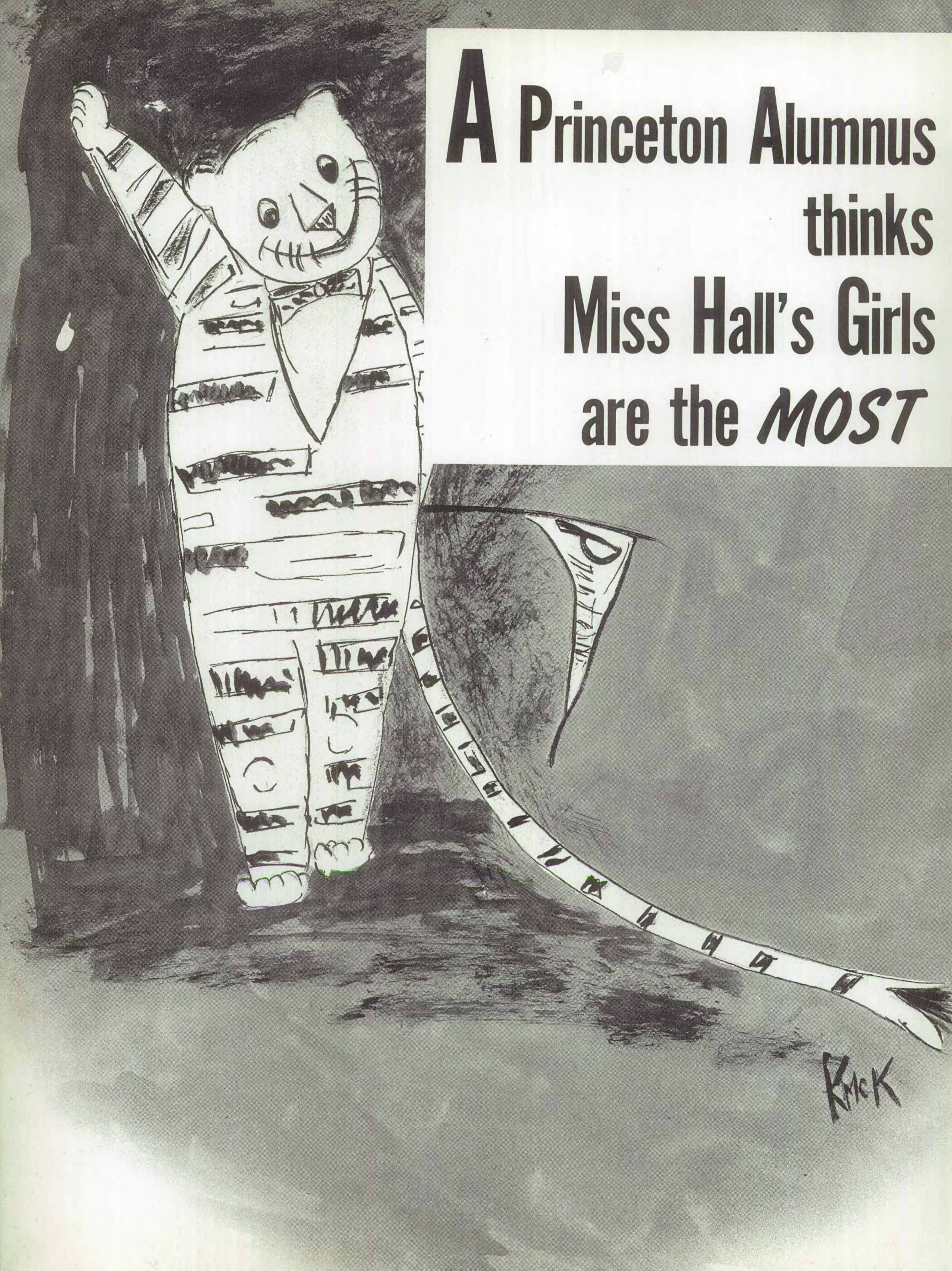
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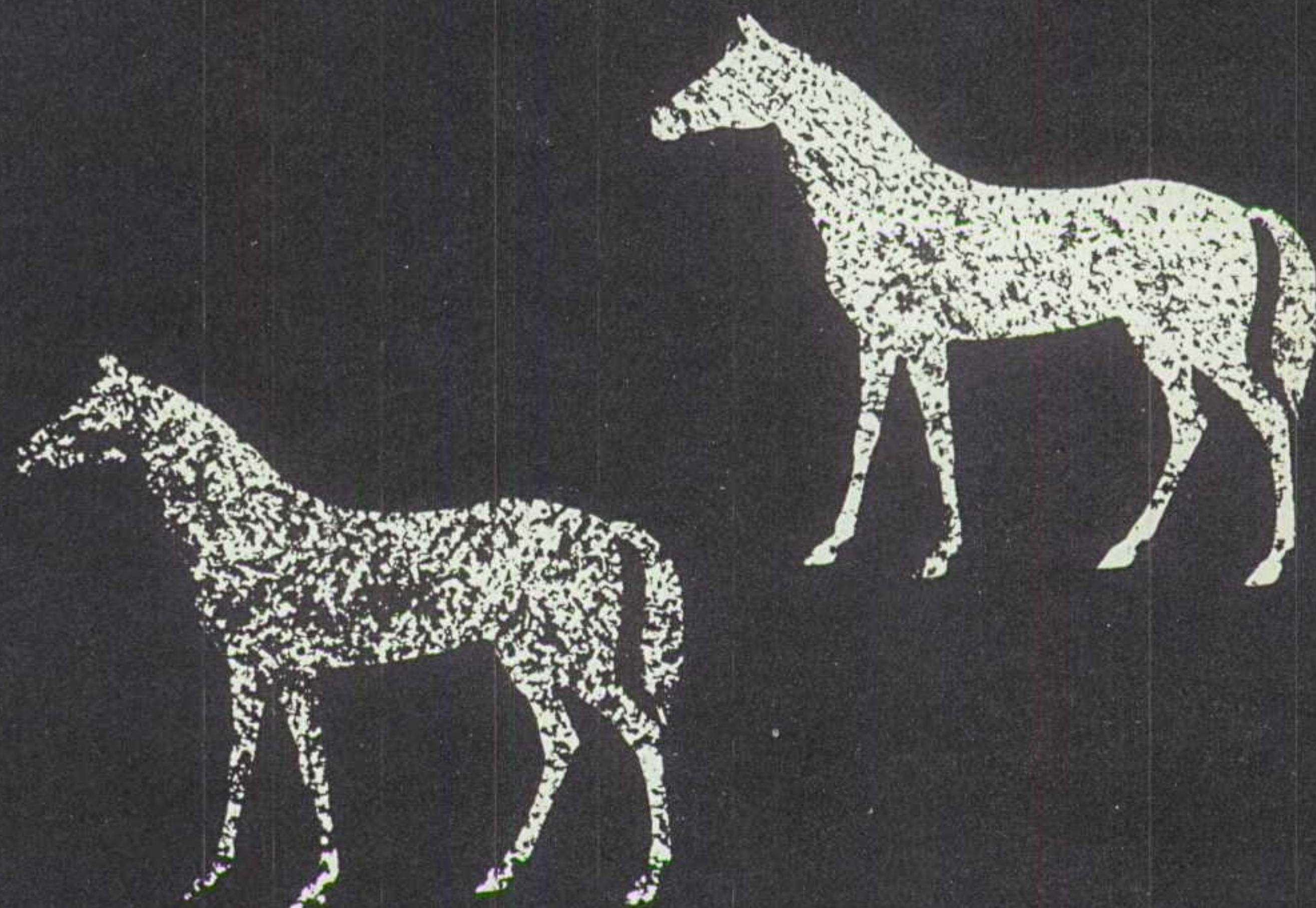
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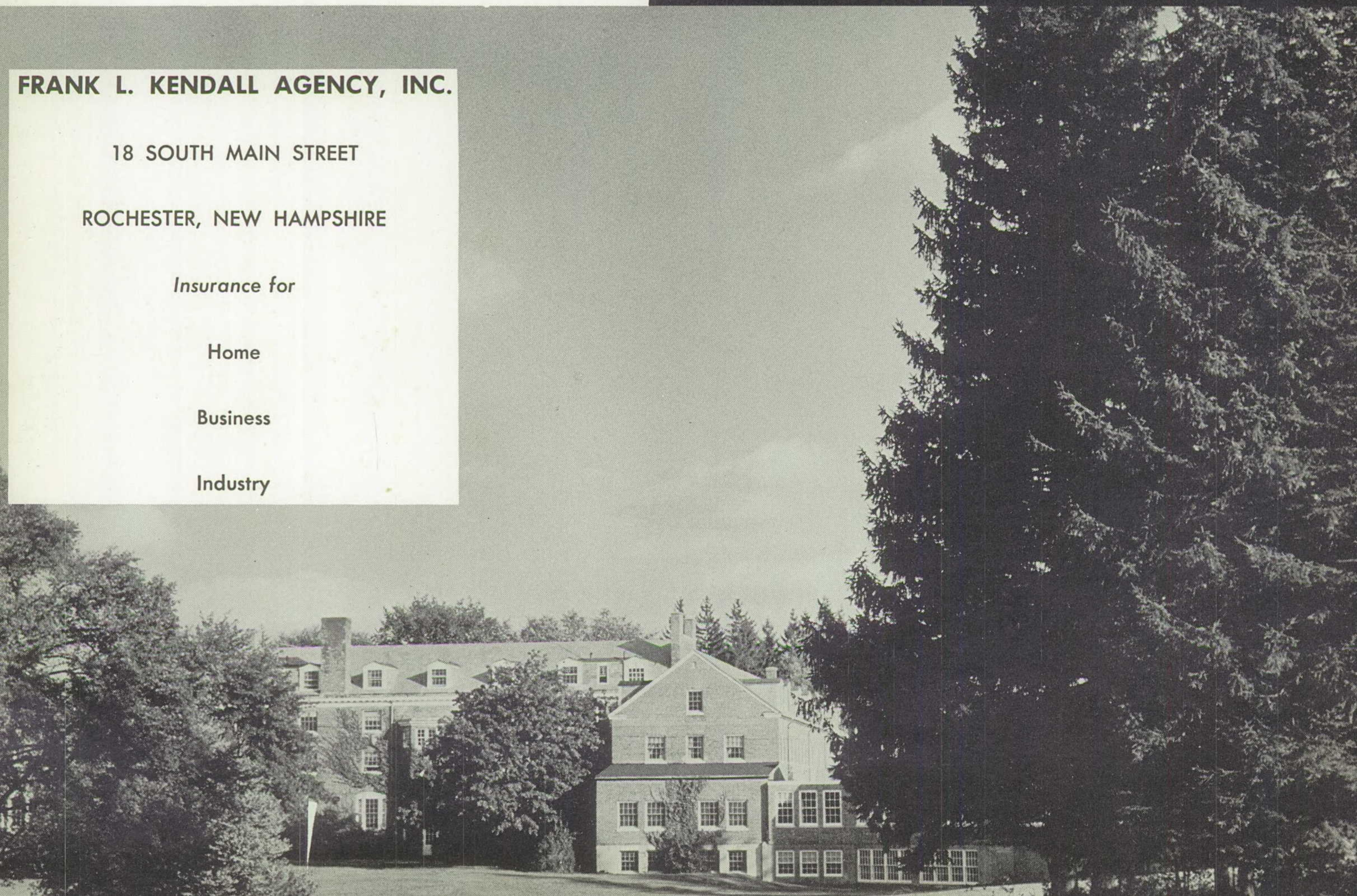
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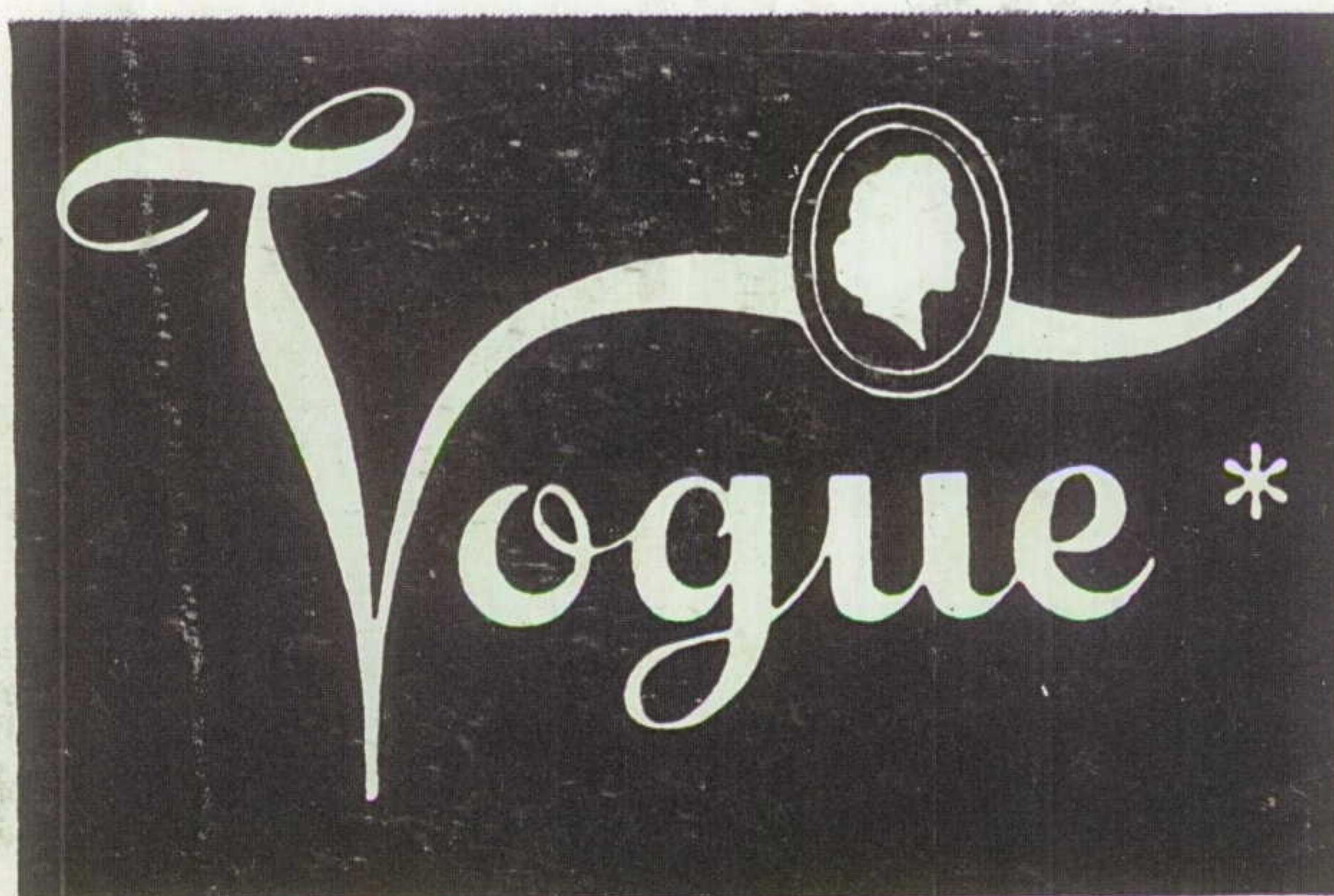
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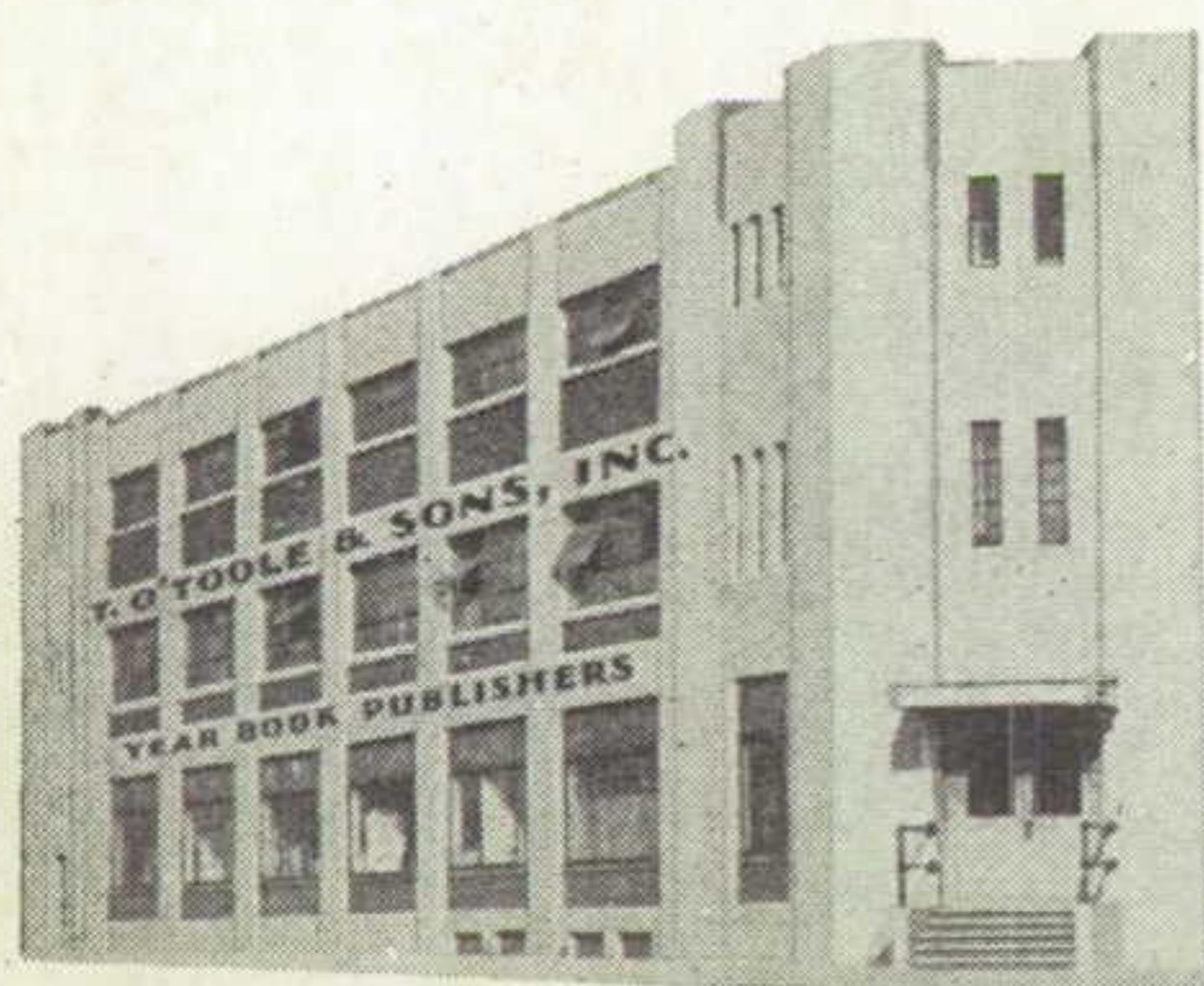
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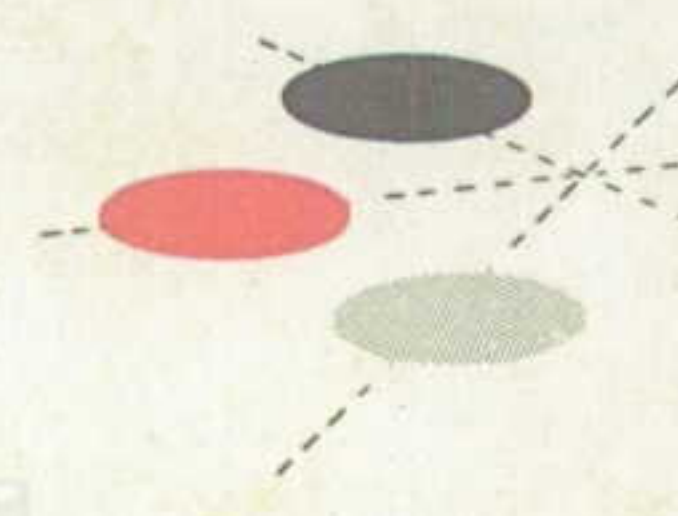
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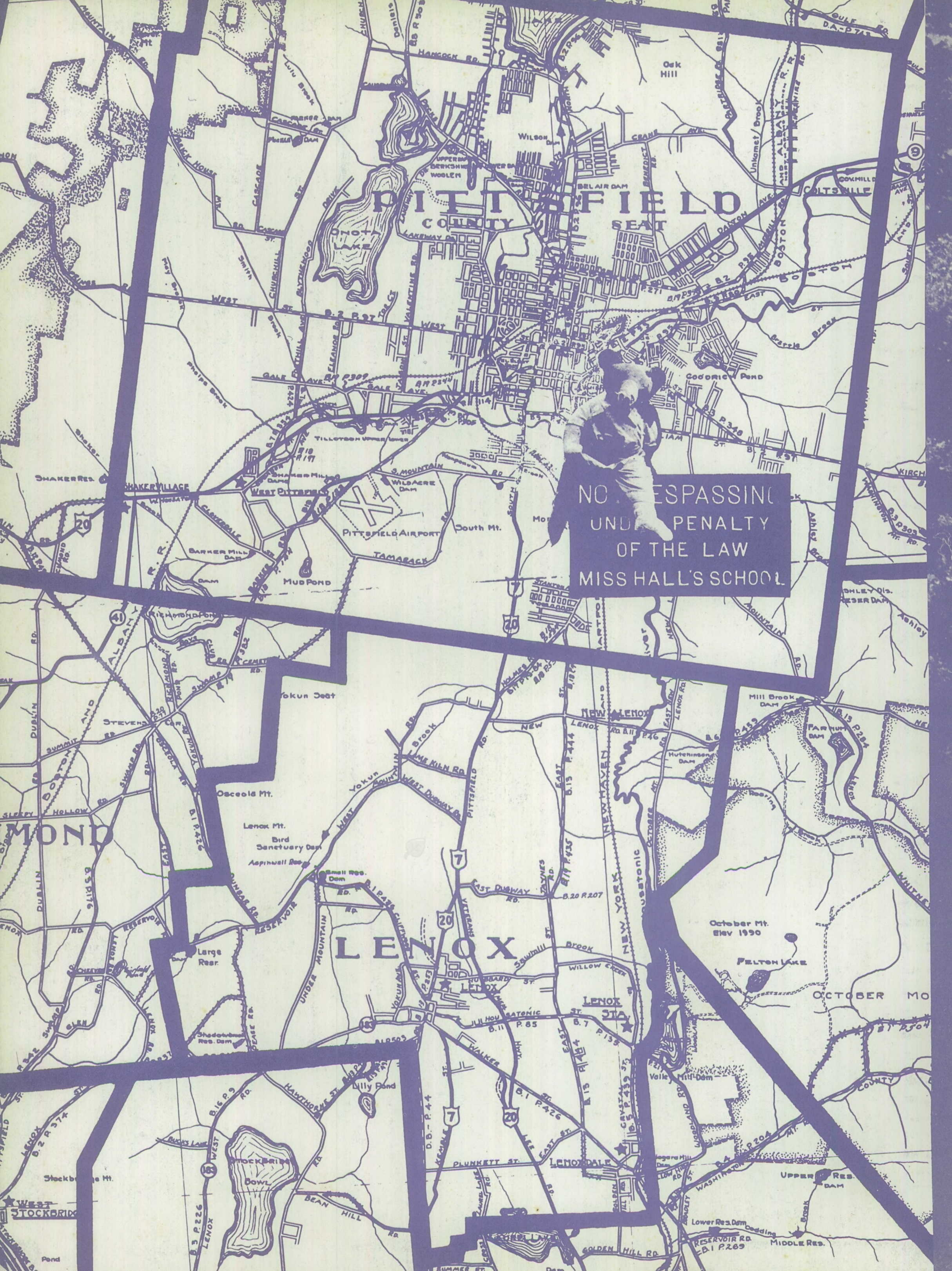


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